

THE  
SIEGE  
OF  
Constantinople;  
A TRAGEDY

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# PROLOGUE

## TO THE Siege of CONSTANTINOPLE.

**P**Oets and Duellists have the same Fate ;  
The bravest man may be Unfortunate :  
You that resolve to rayle at every Play,  
Like pious men, worldly delights betray ;  
But if you will ne're please your selves you may.  
So mirth is lost, whilst Fools dispraise the Wine ;  
So Punk is dangerous be she ne're so fine ;  
Thus subtly you 'gainst all your joys combine,  
And warily by Arguments destroy  
Those very pleasures which you should enjoy :  
Love Crown'd with Beauty and Success can cloy.  
Since at the best, your pleasures are so few,  
Make your selves any where you find 'em new.  
Be kind to us ; and she who saild to Night :  
This Play, if prais'd, to morrow will invite  
To meet you here, and your lost time requite.  
'Tis true, of late you justly have complain'd :  
But thank your selves for what your Niceness gain'd ;  
When you before were such high Critticks grown,  
As if Wit only were by Censuring known  
In praising, where 'tis due, Wit may be shown.  
Severity does modest Authors fright  
Self-prizing Fops with French Assurance write.  
Those who have Wit, like wary Gamesters fear  
To hazard sums, where but small gains appear.  
Whilst empty Fools more-briskly do expose  
A Reputation, which they cannot Lose.

The

## The Persons Names.

### *Emperor of Constantinople.*

*Thomazo*

His Brother.

*Lord Chancellor*

*Cardinal.*

*Justiniano*

General.

*Theophilus*

L. Chamberlaine.

*Dorello*

Friend to *Thomazo*.

*Michael*

and }

The Chancellors Secretaries

*Lorenzo* }

*Andrea* }

Two Captains.

*Lionello* }

*Sinan.*

A Turkish Bashaw.

*Mutantrope*

*Messenger.*

*Servants.*

*Catista*

Chancellors Daughter.

*Irene*

Chamberlains Daughter.

*Idoxia.*

Several Christian Souldiers.

Several Turkish Souldiers.

Mutes.

*Scene Constantinople.*



# The SIEGE of Constantinople.

## ACT I.

*The Curtain drawn, discovers the Emperor, Thomazo, Theophilus, and Dorello on one side of a Table, the Cardinal, Chancellor, and Justiniano on the other, as at Council ; they arise and Exit, all with great reverence to the Emperôr, except Thomazo and Dorello, who stay with him.*

*Thom.*



Ir, they have carry'd it, and you agree,  
It is by strength of Argument & Reason ;  
Since they've the major part: yet I'll confess  
I'm unconverted still. This Rule of most  
Appears to me stark madness, when that  
most

Are plainly prejudic'd, and led by faction,  
In that case be they ne're so numerous,  
All should be counted nothing that they say,

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For

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For such arn't Counsellors but Advocates,  
And plead the cause of their own Interest.

*Emper.* But Brother say, how Princes like my self,  
That circumscribe our actions by our Laws,  
Can steer through all the Labyrinths of State,  
Shun Rocks and shoals hid under smootheft brows;  
Meet and dispise cross Tides, and adverse Winds;  
That run and blow from several States-mens heads,  
More various in their Changes far than those  
That puzzle able Pilotes on the Sea;  
What way I say, but by these major Votes,  
The true Magnetick needle of the States.

*Thom.* Sir, I'll allow Councils the perfect compass,  
And major Votes in that the needle too.  
But yet true Pilotes still observe, the Causes  
Of make that vary from the polar Star,  
Which when they see it does, let that point on,  
They mind it not, but to observe its error;  
And what lov'd *Headland* it would guide unto;  
And he that does not this, though he may make  
One Voyage safe, must not be call'd a Pirate;  
And this is your case now. Your this days council  
That rashly have advis'd you Sir for Warr,  
Have several private reasons for that Vote,  
Besides the specious ones they back it with.

*Emper.* I cannot think it Sir: They're all wise-men,  
And honest I believe; but were they not,  
The grand concern this Council has debated  
Affects no less than all the Christian world:  
It is indeed, chuse Christ or Mahomet,  
Whose Law shall have the universal sway,  
And can a Christian think that Christians would  
Give selfish Councils in their Saviours cause?  
It is not charitable; it is not Brother  
Now by my Crown you're too too positive,  
And to no purpose neither. I'm resolv'd—

[*Exeunt.*  
*Thom.*

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*Thom.* Resolv'd ! on your own Ruine Sir I fear.  
Christian ! Ay, that's the word ; but Interest  
Is the thing. That Damn'd Chancellor,  
*Rome's* Pentionary lately, now the *Turks*—

*Dorel.* Nay, may be both's Sir still—

*Thom.* Most likely so.

H'has Province after Province, sold the Realm  
To this one Town almost ; yet now forsooth  
It is below our Honours to pay Tribute,  
'Las that may make a Title ; as if a *Türk*  
Regarded any Title but Possession ;  
Whilst we were able, I still prest a War,  
To keep the danger further from our Home,  
Or drive it o're the *Hellepont* again,  
But then 'twas wisely urg'd that my Ambition  
Aym'd to be popular amongst the Souldiers ;  
And this my Brothers jealousy gave ear to ;  
As if a Brother that would barely aim  
At Empire by Disloyalty and Treason,  
Would stand upon the way to compass it ;  
No, they mistake my temper : All I seek,  
Is bright unfully'd glory : I'd not be  
Sole Monarch of the world by one base deed ;  
No, by my great and everlasting hopes  
I would not, my *Dorello*.

*Dor.* Sir, they know that too well, they durst not else  
Play with the fire that might perhaps consume 'em ;  
But 'tis their sole Advantage you are honest.

*Thom.* And mine too ; for the horrid pangs of guilt  
That hourly torture them, and make 'em watch  
The small and busie Whispers of the Crowd,  
That buz in Courts, and make the thing call'd State  
Ne're trouble me ; I can undiscompos'd  
Receive some ill-raught, rugged man oth' Guard,  
Rudely advancing to me from his place  
To ask some Boon ; when they at such a time

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Boggle,

Boggle, and stand amaz'd, expecting from him  
 The guilty, tho the well deserved blow:  
 Their Dreams too I'm assur'd are all compos'd  
 Of Prisons, Axes, Daggers, and suddain Stabs;  
 Flight after Battle, or such dreadful things,  
 When mine are made of sweet and pleasant walks,  
 By Crystal streams, set all with Bays and Mirtle;  
 Or else in Fields, where every step I take,  
 I meet a Love, or joyful Victory.  
 And who would have the best part of his life,  
 Sweet sleep so spoil'd, and lose its name of rest  
 By ills, whose ends obtain'd, are far less solid.  
 Come then; whilst these bad men are faintly pleas'd  
 At this new Conquest o're th'Emperors soul,  
 And busily are framing Keys and Cyphers  
 Falsely to give as false Intelligence;  
 "Let thou and I *Dorello*, free from care,  
 "To mirth and love our joyful minutes spare.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Cardinal, Chancellor, Fusliniano.*

*Card.* The Prince *Thomazo* reason strongly urg'd  
 Against the War, and almost carry'd it;  
 He is a Prince of large and steady parts.

*Chanc.* Ay Sir, the more we justly fear his power;  
 The Empire dreads not more its forraign Foes,  
 Then it does him at home; besides, you see  
 How fiercely he proposes joyning with  
 The *Turks* themselves, rather than Western Kings.  
 There's rooted in his soul the Antient hate  
 This Empire shew'd in the first holy War,  
 When they betray'd those pious, valiant Knights,  
*Godfrey of Bulloign, Robert of Normandy,*  
 And all the holy Cruciado'd Pilgrims,  
 That did accompany or follow them:  
 But let's no more of him; 'tis in his blood:  
 He hates both you and me, nay more unjustly  
 Envy's the Deeds of our brave General,

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Great *Justiniano* here, without whose help  
This barb'rous *Turk* would quickly swallow us:  
But do not be discourag'd Sir; you'll find  
The Emperor your true and faithful Friend:  
And me your Servant, constant to your merit.

*Justin.* I do not doubt it Sir, nor fear his envy,  
The *Genowees* my valiant Country-men,  
Give them their pay, will fight in following me,  
Till they and I perform such mighty things,  
Shall turn that envy into admiration.  
Envy me! It stirs my rage me-thinks to hear it nam'd;  
That any *Greek*, though of the greatest blood,  
Should so exalt his thoughts to envy me!

*Chanc.* Your Anger's great, & noble, Sir; but spare it;  
'Twas his Ambition to have had your place.  
And whilst that hope continu'd, he was still  
Pressing for War, though now what man so Peaceful!  
But fear him not; I'll watch the Emperour  
That no affront shall e're be plac'd upon you.

*Justin.* On me affront! what Prince so hardy dares it?  
Let him, that does it, though the *Turks* were here,  
Here close before our Walls, expect and find,  
I'll turn this noble City to a flame,  
And then like *Zenophon* from th'mid'st of *Persia*,  
I'd force my way through all the *Turkish* Camp,  
And carry back my full four thousand men  
To *Genoa* again! This I would do Sir,  
And on the least Affront; by Heavens I would,  
And tell the Emperor this, and so farewell;  
You've heated me; I am not fit for Council.

[*Exeunt.*

*Chanc.* How his brave Rage becomes him! 'Tis a Crime  
In a great Souldier to be Ceremonious,  
They that can laugh at Death on days of's Triumph,  
When circl'd round with Javelings, Spears, & Darts,  
Arrows, Pikes, Partizans, and battle-Axes;  
Mounted on Chariots, arm'd with murdering Siches



Mowing down life it self, in fields of men,  
 And prais'd by plaudits of the thundering Canon,  
 Almost annihilating those they kill;  
 Those that (I say) can meet Death thus and smile,  
 Need not concern themselves in lesser fears.

*Card.* He's of that Country fame has ever courted,  
 For Arts and Armes, sweet fertile *Italy*,  
 And without Arrogance, though I'm its native;  
 I'll say, no Nation under Heav'n comes near it:  
 Now, though its Eagles wings are quite dislum'd  
 For Souldiers, States-men, or Philosophers.

*Chanc.* We need not travel thither Sir for proof  
 That the true Romane vertue is not spent,  
 Which civiliz'd the greatest part oth' World,  
 Since in your self we have full evidence,  
 Your Eminence speaks *Rome* in her full Luster.

*Card.* My Lord, your Complement I'll send to *Rome*,  
 It was I know design'd his Holiness,  
 And I'll not rob him of it: 'Tis too high  
 For me his poor and humble Immitator.  
 But my Lord,  
 All I can say won't heighten his esteem  
 Of your true Zeal, Wisdom or Piety,  
 That under Heaven are like to have the glory  
 Of rooting up this long continu'd Schisme,  
 And giving to St. *Peters* Chaire his due.

*Chanc.* 'Tis all the honour in this world I wish.

*Carden.* I'll not defer my Letters Sir for *Rome*,  
 That they may know your pious resolution  
 Of staking all against this bar'rous *Turk*.

*Chanc.* I with your Eminence, would press them hard  
 For speedy succors, and that his Holiness  
 Would interpose his sacred admonitions  
 To reconcile the Kings of *France* and *England*,  
 That private discords, lay'd by them aside,  
 They might assist the general Christian Cause:

*Card.*

*Card.* I shall not fail it.

*Chanc.* Your Letters writ, the Emperors express  
Shall wait upon Eminence for them.

*Card.* Your Lordships faithful Servant.

*Chanc.* Your Eminencies Creature.

[*Exeunt Cardinal.*

Who-waits there? Call *Michael* my new  
Secretary to me!

Dance mighty Genius at my growing Fate;  
All things as well as Thee conspire my glory:  
What a dull Earth-born crowd of groveling souls  
Are all men but my self, I yet could meet with:

This Cardinal, the *Caro* now of *Rome*,  
How I unnerve his Reason when I speak,  
And make his Rhetorick lacqu't after mine.

That Souldier too, the *Ceshegus* of *Genoa*;  
How I can make him by one single word  
Rage or be calme, humble or insolent;  
These are good Toolles to work with, I confess,  
But 'tis in hands, that mannage 'em like me,  
Not in an Emperors, whose honest soul

Sees not the inside of his own affairs,  
But winds and turns, totters, and then grows steddý,  
Not as his own, but my designs require it.

[*Enter Michael.*

*Michael*, my faithful friend, though  
Seeming Servant —

Write presently to thy great Lord and mine,  
That with all speed that may be, he advances,  
And claps before our Walls: I in the Council  
According to my promise carry'd it  
For War, and to refuse the Tribute he requires,  
The Western Princes the wise Emperor  
Relys on, will be long consulting on't  
Before that they conclude of our relief,  
And longer e're they send it.

*Micha.* What excuse  
Shall I my Lord make unto *Synan Bassa*,

*Thae*

That you have taken in 4000 men  
Under this *Justiniano*; These recruits—

*Chanc.* Shall make us far more feeble than we were,  
As I will order it; for the Senate,  
I'll still possess with jealousies and fears  
Of Laws subverting, and religious change,  
That they no aid shall to the Emperor give;  
Then in due time these men shall mutiny,  
And so the Town is his: besides, these Aydes  
Were the sole argument against Prince *Thomazo*,  
That we would weather out the growing storm,  
Till larger succors come from *Italy*.  
Inform the Bassa this under your Cypher,  
My Letters of the rest shall strengthen yours;  
And bid *Lorenzo* come [Exit *Michael*.  
So much for *Adrianople*, now for *Rome*.

Enter *Lorenzo*.

*Lorenzo*! my ever true *Lorenzo*; prithee quickly,  
Prepare a trusty Currier for *Rome*,  
To the Cardinal *Patron*; let your Letters be  
To this effect; That I've receiv'd his Bills,  
And thank him for 'em; Tell him too  
The Warrs decreed in Council spite of *Thomazo*,  
And a Defiance sent to Mahomet,  
Who I believe's on's March: Next, that the Ayds  
He or his Holiness intends to send,  
Let 'em not come, till joyn'd with th'other Forces  
The rest o'th' Christian Princes may prepare,  
They may prove useles else. So far in yours —  
And mine shall speak the rest. [Exit. *Lorenzo*.  
I know their minds—

The Turk must take this Town, and then the Pope  
Will have no Rival Bishop in the World.  
Let them have their design, so I can be  
Grand Vizier to this growing Monarchy. [Exit. *Chancel*.

Enter

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Enter Thomazo, Dorello, Irene, Udoxia, attended by  
Mutantrope.

*Irene.* Was my Ambition, but what's Natural,  
To our half-witted Sex. your Highness would not  
Be troubl'd to pursue, but to avoyd;  
But I'll confesse before *Udoxia* here,  
And your *Dorello* too, the more you speak  
Of Love to me —

The more I must deny; nay, I shall find  
From every new obliging word you utter,  
New Arguments to make me obstinate.

(speak,

*Thom.* Ah *Irene*! Can harsh and cruel words like these you  
Be prompted by your heart, and yet your brow  
Calme and serene, take no Impressions from it.  
You deal by me like wanton cruel Judges,  
That change a Jest with the poor Criminal  
Their next breath must condemne.

*Iren.* No Sir, rather  
Like a just Favourite, who from his Prince  
Refuses to accept some mighty Grace, (on;  
'Cause it may bring his Masters prudence into questi-  
I, through your proffer'd friendship Sir, can well  
Discern the Crime of state I should commit  
Both 'gainst your Person and this Empire too,  
If I should suffer you to make me yours.

*Thom.* Wave these neglected things: Empire & State  
They're scarce of Kin to me; but if they were,  
Power was design'd to make its Owner happy;  
Not to confine him Slave to Drudge for it.  
A Prince, whose Title's good, ne're never doubt:  
Let him studdy; but his Pow'r is so;  
If, (as I ne're shall wish) a Diadem

C

Should

Should once adorn this head. No act of mine.  
 A& said I! not the most minute Expression  
 Should flow from one restrain'd; No: all should know  
 What I said should be, surely should be so.  
 To one resolv'd to Reign on Terms like these,  
 The Empires safe, let him do what he please;  
 So Madam I desire you would not mix  
 Affairs of State with my free Love.

*Irene.* Sir, yo're so great and gen'rous, you teach me  
 To be so too; therefore Ple plainly tell you  
 I cannot Marry you, for I already am engag'd.

*Thom.* Ah Madam.

*Dorel. Udoxia,* Say no more, it must be so!  
 You hear her own it.

*Udox.* What is that to me?

Tho I confess I'm very much amaz'd  
 To hear her own Passion I ne're dream'd of.

*Dor.* Assoon I should believe *Thomazo* had  
 A secret, hee'd not let *Dor.* know  
 As that *Irene* has one you not partake.  
 But Madam; let me dye in your neglects,  
 Regarded less than your weak tatling Woman,  
 To whom I dare be sworn you've told all this.

*Udox.* Go false *Dorello!* go false wicked Lord;  
 I now perceive the end of all your Vows;  
 It was to mix your passion with the Princes,  
 Not in esteem of me, but to serve him;  
 But I'm glad this Secret was not Mine to tell you!

*Dor. Udoxia!* you do well,

*Udox.* No more my Lord,

This is an office for your Serving-man. —

*Irene!* My Love, like *Mutantropo*, your Highness Boy,  
 Does now and then make signs, but cannot speak;  
 This difference only is, my Love can hear,

Though



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Though dumb, like him it must for ever be,

*Thom.* Let it make signs that are as plain as his :

'Tis all I'll ask ; I would but know his Name,

Whose mighty merit has obtain'd your Love :

Come *Mutantrope*, teach a Dumb God thy Art—

Ah Boy that this was truth !

{ *Thom. Signs.*  
*Mutan. answers*  
*in signs, all list.*

*Irene.* What is't he says ?

*Thoma.* I shall but mock my self in telling you :

But yet I will——He says that you Love me——

*Iren.* Fy Sir ! you make me blush. I know he did not.

*Dorell.* He said it on my life, and swore it by signes.

I'll ask him, Madam, how he comes to know it !

*Irene.* Know it ! good *Dorello*, say not so,

I know my Duty better——if you please

Ask him, why he thinks so——

But pray my Lord, tell Truth, what were his

Signes ?

{ *Dor. makes signes ;*  
*he answers them ;*  
*Thom. whispers Irene.*

*Dorell.* He says by This, he's sure you love his Master ;

Then, when he brings you Letters, you first Kiss them,

Then thrust 'em in your Bosom ; then reading them,

You Kiss at every word ; besides, he says

You make so much of him when he brings Letters,

That he is well assur'd you Love the Sender.

*Thom.* Do I not tell you, Madam, just the same ?

*Irene.* Come, he's a Wagg, send him no more to me,

He invents all this to please you !

*Enter Theophilus.*

*Theo.* The Emperor Sir, has Din'd !

*Thom.* What ! will he not be at the Mask, my Lord :

*Theo.* I scarce believe he will ; He & the General

Are gone to view the Works——your Highness pardon!

Daughter, a word with you——

*Thom.* Ah *Udoxia* !

Is it not sad to be supplanted thus ? —

C 2

There

There, where I thought I'd tane a little root,  
Hope in my love, like early blossom'd fruit  
By one late frost is nipt.—

*Udox.* Sir, I believe it is a blasting season  
Of love and friendship; both this noise of war  
Like bitter, black, and rugged North-East winds,  
Drives back the merry Spring of all delights.

*Dor.* Sir, you may trust *Udoxia*, none knows better.

*Udox.* Yes, by Experience, you much more *Dorello*.---

*Thom.* Is my Friends Fate and mine so mixt together,  
That I being wretched, he must needs be so:  
I thought to sigh my griefs to happy Lovers,  
That free from their own Cares, might pity me!

*Udox.* I hope your Highness needs it not, since now  
*Dorello* has left sisting me for Secrets  
To quarrel with me.

*Thom.* I understand not this.

*Udox.* He will explain it when next he laughs at me.

*Irene* is going Sir; 'tis time to dress. [Exit. *Iron.* & *Udox.*

*Theop.* The Emperor has given his final Answer  
To th' *Turkish Chiams*—all Tribute is deny'd:

So I believe we must expect a War:

And that brought home to us; but 'tis no matter;  
Our Walls are strong, our People numerous,  
Rich too, beyond Society; so that Souldiers  
Will find their Pay, and they still follow that:  
Besides, our *Western Aydes*, the *Cardinal*  
Does undertake shall speedily be here.

*Thom.* From whence? My Lord, the Pope, for all his Posts,  
I'm sure does with our Ruine! His help will come  
When he has reconcil'd *England* and *France*,  
So well to joyn their Armes to succour us,  
That will be never; *Spain* is still struggling  
Against the *Moor*; and *Germany*  
Is bus'd with Religious Mutineers: (ven,  
Whence must come Succour then, except from Hea-

And



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And our own Courages ; which could we joyn  
Might do the work : but I do fear that too.

*Theop.* First humbly craving of your Highness, pardon  
For arguing 'gainst your Sence ; I will remember  
The Sultan, as the *Chancellor* assures us,  
For all his braggs cannot be here these five Moneths :  
Then, the *Pope* has 30 Galleys ready  
With 15000<sup>00</sup> men: These Succours will  
Within Six weeks be here ; or there's no Faith  
Left amongst Christians ; for the Cardinal swears it.  
Then Sir, the States of *Genoa* and *Venice*  
Will send us 40. more ; 'Tis their own business :  
These helps are certain Sir——

*Thom.* Ay ; when they're here !——

*Theo.* Sir, you are all compos'd of Unbelief ;  
The Councel doubts, the Emperor fears it in you,  
And I in humble Duty tell you this.

*Thom.* I know your hearty love does prompt these words ;  
And I am not angry at them ; but my Lord,  
The Court or Counsels doubts, nor Emperors fears,  
Shant make me silent, when I see my Prince betray'd,  
My Prince and Brother too, could I do that  
With Justice, then they might say I was guilty  
Of those Ambitious projects that they dream of ;  
But the false *Chancellor* with all his tricks,  
His little purblind tricks of cokesing parties,  
Shall ne're gain me to be a property  
For him to stalk withal——

*Theo.* I hope your Holiness  
Will easily believe I had no design  
To put you into passion ; but my Lord,  
'Tis time to change the subject——Sir, the Court  
Does come in Masquerade tho'tis by day-light,  
To avoyd the Danger that some fewds may bring.

*Thom.* Then 'tis not a set Masque.

*Theop.* No, nothing but a Dance, or so

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Mixt

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Mixt with all freedom, for the Court Spectators  
To mend the Sports themselves by their own Dancing.

*Them.* Dorello come! Let you and I go dress—

*Theop.* Your Highness humble Creature.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter a Servant, Andrea and Lionello.*

*Andr.* Surely the General will come see these Sports.

*Lionel.* No doubt on't, let's stay for him.

*Serv.* Noble Captains!

All persons will be here *incognito*,

It is the orders of the Entertainment,

And you must needs comply, or go away.

*Andr.* Must! to a Souldier; Sawfy Groom, we won't;

Let the Court-Butter-flies come how they will,

We are resolv'd to shew our faces here.

*Serv.* My Lord Chamberlain will be angry Sir: These  
Are his Lodgings.

*Lion.* We care not whose they be, nor for his anger;  
Our Swords will find an universal freedom

In spite of your Court-tricks—then hold your prating—

*Serv.* Well Gallants, mark the end on't.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Irene and Endoxia Masqu'd.*

*Andr.* These are Women Lionello sure—

*Lionel.* Ladys, The number's equal, and the field cleer,  
Why should we not engage?

*Andr.* Ha! Dumb! these sure are moving Statues.

*Lion.* But of *Pigmalion's* making, fit for Man.

I'll feel if this be warm; how! Coy, Lady!

Not a soft touch go down; 'tis pitty Faith

I han't you singly here; wee'd sure feel out

A better understanding e're we parted.

*Udox.* How got these rude men in I wonder Cozen?

*Iren.* Ne'r mind them Madam, the Officers will come  
And send 'em hence anon.

*Andr.*

*Andr.* No Demi-treble, there's none so bold that dares it:  
Therefore good Queen o'th' Diamonds, let me try  
How the Cherries of your lips tast.

*Iren.* Insolent Bassoon! stand off.

[*Strikes him.*]

*Andr.* How's this? So nimble with your upper tire,  
I'll try what bore your neather Quarters carry.

Come, at 'em *Lionello*.

[*They ruffle them.*]

*Enter Theophilus.*

*Theo.* Ruffians! what rudeness is this? Know you this place?

*Andr.* What an old Fool it is to ask that question.

Old men are silly things: but *Lionello*,

That shall not spoil our sport,

*Theop.* Sure Gallants, these

Are no becoming actions in a Court——

Such places should be Sacred.

*Andr.* Ay so are Churches, yet some are so wicked as to appoint  
Bawdy Meetings there——

Sacred—a pretty word! Alas, my Lord,

Your Dancing-days are done; all places now

Are Sacred where you come, except for spitting.

*Lionel.* Sure this old Lord *Andrea* has been right

When he was young; he now does so contrive

To bring young things a clicketting together.

*Theop.* Since you are Strangers, I forgive your rudeness;

But pray be gone and learn some better manners

Against next time you come; or you will find

This place no Court of Guard——

*Lionel.* Oh Heaven's *Andrea*!

How the old Creature raves: Prithee Good man,

Consider *Turks* are coming. *Turks* d'you hear!——

What place will then be Sacred, if we don't

By our undaunted Courage keep them so!

In fine, do you see my Lord, we know this place

To be our Garrison, where wee'll be free,

Nay too, without the Laws of Masquerade——

*Andr.*

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*Andr.* Ay Masquerade is Sacred too; I'll warrant you  
Though t' be intended to help folks to do —

*Theo.* What? —

*Andr.* It has but an odd name, and fitter 'tis  
To practice, than to speak it. Stand but still  
We'll make your old Chops water presently.

*Theo.* Villains forbear! Ho *Azo*! Ho *Arosto*! *[Draws; they*

*Lion.* Keep your old Chops together, I'll *disarm him.*

Cut your Throat else.

*Enter Thomazo in Disguise.*

*Thom.* What Insolence is this? Villains, Slaves!

*Andr.* This is some real Devil sure, he fights so. *[Fights:*

*[He throws down one, and disarms the other.*

*Thom.* That needs not be; for you Ladies, you are safe.

What are you, dare do this? *[Unmasques.*

*Andr.* We are Souldiers, like your Highness: *Italian Officers:*  
We were on slight discoveries pickeering a little.

*Enter Servants.*

*Thom.* Your General shall know this; There, secure them.

*Toto.* To th' Porters Lodge with them — ha! Is't you.

*[The Ladies Unmaske.*

What made you out so soon?

*Iren.* To avoid being known! for who could think such Ruffians  
Could have got in! I hope your Highness has not receiv'd a hurt!

*Thom.* No new one: But I'll go

Out for a little time, and shift my shape, and then return;  
I else may spoile the Mirth, by being known.

*[Exit Thoma. and Theoph.*

*Enter Calista; they go to Mask: She unmasks.*

*Irene.* 'Tis our best way to do so too *Udoxia.*

*Calist.* Nay, 'tis too late Ladies, I know you both;  
But I will be so just, you shall know me.

*Irene.* *Calista!* 'Tis a pretty Vest that you have on.

*Calist.* But I do like your dress much better Madam —

*Udox.*

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*Udox.* 'Tis not the Cloaths, but Friendship prompts this liking,  
As change, and you will see.

*Calist.* Withal my heart. ———

*Irene.* I readily consent.

*Udox.* Come then retire,  
You'll see 'tis not the Cloaths you both admire.

[*Musick plays ; Enter several persons as to Masquerade ; amongst  
them Thomazo, Dorello, Irene, Udoxia, and Calista.*

*A Song.*

*After the Song, a Dance led by Ambition ; Represented by a Mon-  
ster with many Bodies, and but one Head, with a Crown upon it,  
follow'd by War, Famine, Murder, and Death : The Dance  
brought up by Fame, represented by one Body, and several Heads  
and Hands, each having a Trumpet in it. Towards the end of  
the Dance Thomazo removes towards Calista, supposing her to be  
Irene by her Habit.*

*Thom.* This is Irene ; I know her by her Dress :  
Love, Madam, like to yours, is a worse Monster  
Than black *Ambition* is describ'd to be ;  
For Fame attending him does always sound  
Such loud Alarmes to the drowzy World,  
That men to Armes can fly for their defence ;  
But against silent Love there is no guard.

*Calist.* Love tells me 'tis the Prince *Thomazo's* voyce !  
But why all this to me ? I cannot tell,  
Except my heart has taught my eyes to speak  
And say that bleeds for him.

*Thom.* My *Mutantrope*  
Has by his signes, I fear, done me some hurt :  
But Madam, be not too severely angry ;  
He ne're shall take that liberty again.

*Calist.* 'Tis he, the naming of his *Mutantrope* confirms it. [*aside.*  
Now mighty Love assist me, and I'll be  
Thy Voteresse for ever.

D

Noble



Noble Prince!

Your Highness Love has chosen too low an object,  
If I be it, as I shall ever doubt.

*Thom.* Ah Madam, say not so! —

[*They Whisper.*

*Iren.* Why should *Thomazo* single thus *Calista*.

[*A Jigg here.*

*Thom.* You made me Madam, more than happy now.

*Irene.* What's this? Curst be my Ears for hearing it,  
And Curst be all men for *Thomazo's* sake!

Is he so amorous that *Calista* can  
Possess a place in that false heart of his;  
*Calista*, whom he always seem'd to loath  
For being Daughter to the Chancellor.

*Thom.* Madam! I'll keep my word; no trick of State  
Shall bar my happiness: At break of Day,  
In St. *Sophia's* Church I'll meet you, Madam,  
Just by our Ladies Altar: Bring *Udoxia*,  
I'll bring *Dorello*, they will be enow  
To witness we are Marry'd.

*Irene.* But false man!

You shall have more, for I'll be there my self  
To throw thy broken Vows 'mongst those you make:  
Those shall give Plagues to all your Nuptial hours,  
And change the Blessings of the Priests to Curses.

*Thom.* Let not your Father know the least of this,  
That Notice may not be taken of our Whispers.  
I'll lead you out to Dance.

*Udox.* Be not too rash, consider 'tis your self  
Did give him cause for this; you own'd you Lov'd,  
And said with all, you ne're could Marry him.

*Iren.* In such an Aire, and such a Tone I spoke it;  
It could not mean him ill. [Dance of Eight.  
But see my Father. —

*Enter*

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*Ester* Theophilus, Emperor, Justiniano, Andrea, Lionello,  
Mutantrope, *Guards.*

*Theop.* The Emperor is present, and commands  
That all avoyd the Room, who're in Disguise,  
Except the Prince *Thomazo.* — Pray withdraw.

[*Ex. All the Masquers.*

*Emper.* Brother, 'tis strange you bear no more respect  
To our Commands, nor to the General,  
But have Imprison'd these iwo Officers  
Without his Privity.

*Thom.* I know your Majesty did ne're intend  
To exempt them from common Justice,  
And make them Lawless. Their Insolence —

*Fustian.* Insolence! How mean you by that word?  
I'd have your Highness eat it up again,  
And call't neglect. —

*Thom.* How! eat my words my Lord?  
The Sacred presence of this dread Majesty  
Restraines me, or by Heav'n —

*Fustian.* What would you else?  
Nay, what durst you do my Lord? my Honour  
Full fledg'd can mount above your weak observance,  
Though you're oth'Eagles Brood. —

*Empr.* How's this? My Lord, do you our Brother know?  
And where you speak this to him?

*Fust.* Yes Sir! or —

*Thom.* Or what? Let not your Pride profane this —

*Fustian.* Profane a —

*Empr.* Out of our presence.

*Fustian.* Ay, and your Empire to.  
I'll beat my Drums but for an exercise,  
And sport my men out of your large Dominions —

*Empr.* Seize on the Traytor! — So, convey him hence  
To the Castle, Prisoner. I'll ne're indure this.

*Fustian.* Send all my men to Prison too, else in vain

D 2

Y on



You hope to keep me here. —

[*Ex. Justin. Guards.*

*Thom.* Your Majesty  
May now perceive the Insolence of Strangers,  
When once they know you need them: But I am  
Too blame to urge this now —

*Emp.* No, not at all;  
By this one hours discourse I have had with him,  
I find his Pride to be beyond enduring;  
He boasts our Safety must proceed from him,  
And quotes the Chancellor for saying this;  
I do begin to doubt the Arts of him too.

*Thom.* Sir, he's a Traytor, or I'm not a man.

*Enter Chancellor.*

*Chanc.* Your Majesty must pardon this Intrusion,  
Your Highness too; my hasty Zeal requires it;  
Letters just now arriv'd bring certain word  
The Sultan's on his March, and will this Night  
Be lodg'd before our Walls.

*Thom.* How's this my Lord?

*Emp.* By this Surprizal we are lost for ever.  
Ah gracious Heav'n, take back this burden, life,  
Before I see the Miseries are coming.

*Thom.* This ill agrees my Lord with your last news  
Of five moneths hence, they cou'd not come before;  
But 'tis what I expected.--- This suddain danger  
Must prompt your Majesty with double Vigour  
To make sharp opposition——Sir, arrest  
All Ships are in the Harbour, sieze their stores  
Of Guns and Ammunition—with the Guards,  
And some oth' *Genoway* Foot: Ile out and meet 'em.---

*Emp.* No! I am resolv'd  
To Head our first attempt with my own person.  
The *Turks* shall find 'tis not our want of Courage,  
But factions in our State that makes them be  
Successful still in all their Wars against us.

*Thom.*

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*Tho.* Good Sir be pleas'd to trust me with this Sally:  
Your presence is most needful in the Town;  
At such a time as this you'll find the people  
Prompted by fear too apt for all sedition;  
May be the Souldiers too may take advantage  
Of the first uprore which this news will bring,  
And fall to doing mischief; besides great Sir,  
You'll find new Orders every minute needful,  
Which none but your Authority can give.

*Emp.* Your reasons shall perswade me, go *Thomazo*,  
And may Heav'n Crown thy Sword with Victory.

*Thom.* Good Sir be strong  
To your Imperial self, that's all I'll say;  
If so, I make no doubt by th'help of Heav'n  
To drive this *Sultan* back with as much shame.  
As once his Father found when he besieg'd us.

[*Ex. Thomazo.*

*Chanc.* The Prince does shew a great and generous Soul,  
And will no doubt perform all that he speaks;  
But give me leave to think he has his ends  
In all he does or says——Sir, this advice  
Of seizing all the Ships, the Senate sitting  
With wonted freedom, I must boldly say  
Shews he would put you on ungrateful things,  
Whilst he pursues the popular himself.

*Empr.* My Lord, your Circumspection wears a Cloud  
I cannot well see through; and I must tell you  
Your false Intelligence and close intriguing  
Give me some hints for doubts; but let your actions  
Wear a more candid out-side, 'tis not else  
Your Interest in the Senate shall protect you.  
No Sir! it shall not! but no reply my Lord:  
As for my Brother, I am sure he loves me;  
I've found he has, and cannot now suspect him.

*Chanc.*

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*Chanc.* Do not Sir; but yet I must attempt  
 To unloose one charme h'has plac'd upon your Soul.  
 That's Sir, about the General——'Tis not a time  
 To stand on slight *punctilio's* with such men  
 As understand them not: This his restraint  
 May chance endanger all; grant Sir, his freedom.

*Empr.* I cannot do't, and Majesty be safe:  
 His Insolence both to the Prince and me  
 Was more then Brutal----

*Chanc.* But your Majesty  
 Should well consider leading Circumstances  
 That did provoke him to't: The Prince you know  
 Had 'gainst conditions of his Entertainment  
 Imprison'd two of's Captains——

*Empr.* Speak no more on't;  
 "I'll not release him till my Brother please;  
 "Contempt of Pow'r is a State's worst Disease.

[*Exeunt.*]

*End of the first Act.*

---

ACT II.

## A C T. II.

SCENE *The Palace.**Enter Emperour and Chancellour discoursing.*

*Emp.* **T**Hese doubts of theirs concerning such wild things,  
That Sovereign Pow'r may do, amaze me;  
Because 'tis possible we may do harm,  
Will they conclude we certainly do it?

*Chanc.* Your Majesty  
Has had no cause to doubt their steady Loves  
To your Imperial Interest and Person.

*Emp.* 'Tis true, my Lord, nor can my memory  
Prompt me with want of care of them or theirs:  
None of my Predecessors ever were  
More careful of Propriety than I;  
Therefore I cannot chuse but take unkindly  
Motions, like these, just on the Neck of War.

*Enter Theophilus.*

*Theop.* Our Scouts are beaten in; the *Turks* Van-guard  
Are easily discern'd from off the Steeples,  
Which does all the Streets produce the Cry  
Of Women, Children, and the heartless Crowd  
That nothing but Confusion fills the Town.

*Emp.* It can't be help't; my Lord, we must endure it.  
These Noises fill the Streets of every place,  
When they are first besieg'd; a day or two  
Will quiet all their minds.

*Theop.* I hope it will; but, my Lord Chancellour,  
The short five moneths, since Morning, makes me doubt  
I have unknown unto my self been sleeping;  
Or else that your Intelligence deceives you:  
Or if not that, then you deceive us all.

*Chanc.* Methinks, my Lord, the liberty you take,  
Doth scarce become this Presence.

*Theop.* Why, my Lord,

I'm sure his Majesty will pardon me,  
Since 'tis my plain and honest heart that speaks;  
And I must own, it was your bold affirming,  
That we had full five moneths for preparation,  
Which got my Vote for War. But now I fear  
The Rumour's true, that you have got a *Turk*  
To manage your Intelligence.

*Chanc.* How's this?

Your Majesty, I hope, will do me Justice  
Against this Calumny?

*Emp.* Lord Chamberlain,  
What grounds have you for this?

*Theop.* Truly no more  
Than half the Lords o'th' Councils just suspicion;  
Nay, the better half; but they perchance may err,  
It is not the first time, witness the approaching Siege.

*Chanc.* My Lord, you would have done more like a Friend  
T'have told me of such Rumours privately.

*Theop.* Good my Lord, is not this Presence private?  
Who's here but's Majesty, and you, and I;  
As I am a Privy Councillour I speak it.

*Chanc.* Explain your self; who, and what is't you mean?

*Theop.* I mean you have a Secretary call'd *Michael*.---  
Some say he's a *Turk*;  
And this Sir is the Man. *Enter Michael.*

*Chanc.* What causes this Intrusion?

*Micha.* I come in haste  
To give you notice all the *English* Ships,  
And the *Venetian* too, are under Sail;  
Except they be arrested presently,  
They will get past the Forts.

*Emp.* Is not the Warrant issu'd for their stay?

*Chanc.* A Broad-Seal-Warrant too.

*Mich.* That Sir they slight.

*Emp.* They might slight Death as well.

*Mich.* Sir, they pretend  
The Senate says it is against the Law,  
That they should be Arrested.

*Chanc.*



*Chanc.* Think of that Sir;  
If they resent the deed, 'tis not the stores  
Of those few Ships can recompence the loss  
Of their affections.

*Emp.* Nor can their best Zeal  
Find such another timely succour near  
To draw to our supply.

*Chanc.* Do as you please,

But I dare pawn my life that they'll be troubl'd ?

*Theop.* At their departure most, I'll warrant you;  
At nothing else, my Head on't.

*Emp.* But what then ?

Shall I neglect my duty to the whole  
For private mens resentments ? Come, my Lord,  
I'll see it done my self.

*Ex. Emp. and Theop.*

*Chanc.* *Michael!* how is't ?

*Mich.* Gone Sir; beyond Redemption; both the Consuls  
Were at your Houle but now : There I advis'd them,  
With all the haste that might be, to set Sail,  
Whatever Orders they shou'd see to stop them.

*Chanc.* 'Tis very well ; then you are sure they're gone ?

*Mich.* My Zeal had never seem'd so earnest else.

*Chanc.* That happen'd well though : 'twill clear a late suspicion  
That you're a *Turk*.----

But more of that anon--- You sent the Warrant.

*Mich.* Aye Sir ; but gave command to him that went  
To say you seal'd it much against your will :  
Besides, I spread it every where abroad,  
That 'twas against the Law ; so none would act by't.

*Chanc.* That is a certain Method to confound things ;  
And 'tis the way I'll take ; for I perceive  
I've lost some ground i'th' Emperours affections,  
And now must keep my Pow'r more by the Vogue  
O'th' Senate, than his love ; but let's go out,  
And view *Thomazo's* Actions in the Field ;  
'Tis to his Genius only mine does yield.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *A Field.*

*Great Shouts and Noise of Fighting: Enter Thomazo, Dorello, Officers with Swords drawn.*

*Thom.* These *Turks* are less than Women in our hands ;  
Where e're we shew our Faces, still they fly ;  
If but the rest o'th' Forces fall'd out,  
This Night would make a perfect end o'th' Siege.

*Dor.* Their great Forlorn is routed totally,  
And their Main Body stagger'd, five thousand more  
Would have perform'd the work.--- In all the Fight  
I met but one brave Foe that durst make Head ;  
And when my Sword had made him Prisoner,  
He prov'd a *Genowee*.

*Thom.* What did you with him ?

*Dor.* Clapt my Sword through him Sir,

*Thom.* You did do well ;  
A Renogado Dog is ripe for Hell.

*A Shout.*

*Dor.* See my Lord, they'r marching on agen--  
Will you to Horse ?

*Thom.* The Hedges make them useless ;  
Ile Charge i'th' Head of yonder Stand of Pikes.

*Exeunt.*

*Shouts.*--- *Enter Turks drove in by Synan, Mustapha,*  
*and other Bassa's.*

*Synan.* What wretched fearful Slaves ! dare you not die ?  
Can you forget the Laws of Destiny ?

*Musta.* Fight ; or the Death you'd shun, you'l sooner find ;  
Our Swords give Death to all who seek to fly.

*Shouts.*--- *Enter Thomazo, Dorello, and Christians: They fight a while,*  
*the Turks retire fighting. Thomazo, Dorello, re-enter in haste.*

*Thom.* To Horse, to Horse, the *Genoway* Body shrinks. Let's  
Presently relieve them.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Synan.*

*Synan.* These Christians fight, as if the General Cause  
Did wield each Sword.--- Curse on our wretched Slaves,--  
How fast they Rout !--- Lead on the Grand Reserve

To



To succour the Main Body.--- Now by my Fathers Soul,  
*Morat's* strong Troop of our best *Spahi* Horse,  
 Fly like loose leaves before the *Autumn* wind :  
 We're betray'd by that Damn'd Chancellour :  
 Their strength's the Flower of all the Christian World,  
 They could not fight thus else.--- Oh mighty Prophet !  
 Protect our *Sultan's* Glory.---  
 Let not a Cheating Gown-man boast he had  
 Great sums from us for nothing else but shame.  
 But yet it will be so ; our great Reserve  
 Under the Grand *Vizier* does stagger too : ---  
 Draw up our Guards, let's save or ruine all ;  
 'Tis better much to die than wear the shame  
 Of being thus defeated by a handful.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *The Town.*

*Enter* Emperour, Cardinal, Chancellour, Theo. Attendants.

*Cardin.* The Prince I swear perform'd prodigious things !  
 They'd be incredible but that we saw them.

*Chanc.* Accursed fight !

The *Turkish* Army's sure compos'd of Women.

*Emp. Theophilus,* Command that all the Forces  
 Do presently draw out ; I will my self  
 Share part o'th' Glory in the *Turks* Defeat.

*Chanc.* Good Sir, consider

What 'tis you mean to do ? Will you expose  
 Your Sacred Person 'mongst the *Genowese*,  
 That openly avow their discontents ?

*Emp.* No, let them stay behind ; I am satisfi'd  
 That our own Forces are enough without them,  
 To second this Success, and Rout the *Turks*.

*Chanc.* But say Sir, when you're out with all your strength,  
 That they should seize the Town.

*Emp.* They dare not sure.---

*Chanc.* It is but ill to try enraged Strangers :  
 Besides the Night comes on,

*Theo.*

*Ther.* Good Sir, send out, and do not go your self.

*Chan.* The Prince I'm confident will take that ill.  
Twill seem to doubt his Courage, or his Conduct.

*Emp.* His Soul's above all Envy I am sure :  
But I'll go try the temper of the Souldiers,  
Then either back the Sally, or go meet him.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Irene, Udoxia, Calista, meeting the Emperour ;  
they Salute, and part.*

*Iren.* She triumphs in his Love, and makes me Mad.

*Udox.* Conceal your anger Madam, 'tis too clear.

*Iren.* By Nature I am temperate as Day ;  
When gentle *Western* Gales blow in the Spring ;  
But now I could grow rugged like the *North*,  
And in a Tempest of my Fury tear  
Those Eyes out that have thus bewitch'd my Prince.

*Udox.* Bear up ; my mind persuades me he is not false,  
Though she invites me for her Bed-fellow.

*Iren.* But will you go ?

*Udox.* Aye, with design to serve you,  
By putting him in mind of Vows to you.

*Iren.* Do not do that ; no, let her take his heart ;  
But yet I know not why : I'll meet you there.

*Calist.* Oh that the Prince would come, I long to see him---  
I hope he is not hurt.

*Iren.* What if he be ?

*Calist.* I would not for the world he shou'd methinks.

*Iren.* Nay, sure i'th' world there's many better Princes.

*Calist.* No, I believe not one, if we consider  
His most Heroick Courage, and wise Conduct.

*Iren.* Besides his Faith in Love ; pray name that too.

*Udox.* *Irene*---

*[Whisper.*

*Calist.* Sure she does guess at something that has past  
Between the Prince and me, which stirs her Envy.

*Enter Emperour, Thom. Cardin. Theop. Dorell.  
Mutantrope, Attendants.*

*Thom.* This is the Cause of our too quick return ;  
The *Genoway* Body did betray the Field ;  
And now do seem to threaten Mutiny :

*They*

They bring indeed the War within our Walls :  
 Had I been seconded with the like number  
 Of our own Nation, we had done the work.

*Emp.* To th' specious reasons of the Chancellour  
 I must impute the loss of this Days Triumph ;  
 I did my self intend to second you.

*Chanc.* Great Sir, blame not that Counsel did proceed  
 From Zeal to th' Princes Glory, and your safety.

*Thom.* I beg, my Lord, you'd spare your daily pains  
 In serving me in these unthankful ways.

*Chanc.* 'Tis my misfortune Sir, they always prove so.

*Emp.* Brother, you had these Ladies hearty wishes  
 For good success and safety, I am sure.

*Thom.* 'Twas those, next to your Fortune, did preserve me :  
 But Lady, may I think I was so happy  
 To have my share in the last Pray'rs you made ?

*Iren.* I should have lost my Sense of Duty else ;  
 You are a Mighty Prop o'th' Empire Sir,  
 And so, and no ways else I pray'd for you.

*Thom.* How's this ? -- She does dissemble to extremity.

*Calist.* He casts not the least glance on me ! -- 'tis well,  
 He strives to keep things secret.

*Noise without.* One and all, one and all, &c.

*Enter Michael.*

*Mich.* The *Genovees* are in Mutiny,  
 And swear they'll have their General set free,  
 Or else they'll fire the Town.

*Emp.* What's to be done ?

*Thom.* Sir, I advise to hang their General,  
 That will soon quiet them ; but if it don't,  
 Then let the other Souldiers fall upon 'em,  
 And knock 'em all o'th' heads ; --- if they hold on  
 As they've begun, they'll do but little service :  
 Those Thousand I had with me first did rout  
 With all the men I had.--- Sir, there's no way  
 But sudden Execution, or good words ;  
 Hanging or granting still, quells Mutinies.

*Emp.* Well, draw up the Court-guards about the Palace ;  
 Then act as you see cause.

*Ex. all but Thom, Dor, and Mutantrope.*

*Thom.*

*Thom.* I find the Chancellour by little Arts  
Prevented our Relief with greater Succours:  
But I perceive my Brother so suspects him,  
He'l scarce prevail again.

*Dor.* I wish he don't;  
But you have heard the Shipping all are sail'd?

*Thom.* Aye, there's another Trick of his contriving;  
I'd almost pawn my life.--- But we must play  
The Cards we still have left, or lose the Game.  
But all discourse of State and War apart,  
Let's talk of Love a little now *Dorello*;  
In what condition's yours and fair *Udoxia's*?

*Dor.* Just as your Highness left it, full as bad  
As yours with fair *Irene*.

*Thom.* If it be no worse,  
Tis as you'd wish't I'm sure; for to be short,  
To-morrow Morn before the Sun doth rise,  
I meet *Irene* in *S. Sophia's* Church,  
Where you are to be witness of our Marriage.

*Dor.* Can this be so?

*Thom.* *Udoxia* will confirm it,--- for she is to be there.  
Come let's away, *A Noise agen, One and All.*  
And quell these Mutiniers. They fright the Town. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Justiniano, Andrea Lionella, and Souldiers.--- Shouting.*

*Just.* I thank you Fellow-Souldiers for your love,  
I'd rather have my Liberty by you,  
Than by their slighted favour.

*Andr.* See the Prince! *Enter Thomazo, Dorello, and Guards.*

*Thom.* What means this Tumult? Ha! *Justiniano* Head it!  
What are your Demands?

*Sould.* Our Pay we'd have.---

*Thom.* There's thine.--- Now, what the rest? *[Thomaz. runs the Sould. through, they all hang their heads.]*

Then worthy General yours.

*Justin.* Revenge for late affronts given me by thee.

*Thom.* *Dorello*-- I Command-- that word's not usual;  
But I Command not a man stir to help me,  
Except oppress by Numbers. *They fight, Thomazo disarms him.*

*Justin.* I the same.

Then

Then take my Life, for I despise to beg it.

*Thom.* Or I to take it; no, the Law shall do it.  
All to your Quarters; I'll procure your Pardons:  
If not, fall on, and kill 'em every man.

Convey him back to th' Castle where he was.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Chancelour and Mutantrope.*

*Chanc.* To morrow, fair *Irene*, to morrow morn!

*Mut.* Aye Sir, I heard him tell *Dorello* so.

*Chanc.* In *S. Sophia's* Church by break of day,  
Near to our Ladies Altar; is't not so?

*Mutan.* Aye, my Lord, so the appointment's made.

*Chanc.* Well, my good Boy, watch close upon his actions,  
And bring me word of every thing thou gain'st.

*Mutan.* I shall my Lord.

*Ex. Mutan.*

*Chanc.* Marry *Irene*! -- no, it must not be, -- it shall not:

But how shall I prevent it? there's it! -- To tell

The Emperour, would but betray my self!

For I've no proof to vouch, but this same Boy,

Which I presented him as a choice Mute,

To be a Spy for me on all his actions---

But yet I must prevent it, that's decreed---

His two last Actions shew he is a Prince,

Not of a common Fortune,

To shake the *Turks* whole Army with a handful,

And quell that Mutiny in half a Minute,

In which I plac'd my hopes; were things prodigious,

His Mighty Genius has a strong Attendant,

O're all my Fortune.-- I must remove him--

'Tis no matter how, so I can do't.--

*Enter Michael with Letters.*

*Mich.* Amongst *Thomazo's* Souldiers, there got in

Two Spies from *Synan Bassa*, both with Letters,

I have decipher'd them.-- The first, it seems,

Were writ before the Fight, and only speak

The Numbers that besiege us, and require

An hourly intercourse during the Siege:

The second are pursuant to the Sally writ in hear,

And there, my Lord, they are.--

*Chancelour reads them.*

E

*Chanc.*



*Chanc.* O *Michael*! I am lost to all my hopes;  
The *Sultan* frowns, it seems, and doubts my Faith.  
He says the *Sally* had lik'd to have prov'd the loss  
Of their whole Army. --- What shall I do?

This Prince *Thomazo* does,  
Like some tall Cedar, blast my Underwood.  
I must destroy him. Find me out some Jew  
That studies Physick-- No, I've another way--  
Write Letters to the *Bassa* that may speak  
What I've done this day towards the Service.  
The Christian Ships are sail'd, and I prevented  
More Forces that were going to the *Sally*,  
Besides the Mutiny *Lorenzo* stir'd  
Amongst his Countrymen-- and all things else--  
O th' doubts I raise i th' Senate-- remember all--

But here's a Sacrifice of Peace I'll make,  
This is the Picture of the fair *Irene*;  
I got it from my Daughter; send it him,  
And tell him, that the Original shall be  
Lodg'd in his Masters Arms to morrow night.  
Prepare a score of *Russians* with a Barge  
To carry off the Prize; it shall go hard,  
But I'll send off the Prince *Thomazo* too:  
You know the way of holding Correspondence;  
I'll say no more of that-- go, haste your Letters,  
And send *Lorenzo* hither.  
I'll go meet

*Pulls out Irene's Picture.*

*Ex. Michael.*

In some disguise the discontented Captains.

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Lorenzo*! I am resolv'd to laugh to night,  
And spend some hours with frolick Woman-kind.

*Loren.* My Lord, you know your old house, Mother *Sometimes*,  
You know she always fits you with fresh Girls.

*Chanc.* Aye, there we'll be; but then for Company,  
Get your two Friends, the Captains, if you can,  
I mean those two that were made Prisoners.

*Loren.* I'm confident with joy they'll meet my Lord.

*Chanc.* I would be thought some wild loose Friend of yours

That



That mean to treat.

*Loren.* I understand your Lordship.

*Chanc.* Some two hours hence. Till then I will to Court. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Emperour, Thomazo, Cardinal, Dorel, Theophilus, Mutant.*

*Irene, Udokia, Calista, Attendants, as at Court.*

*Thom.* Pray Madam, how seems Time to move to you,

To me it does appear extreamly slow.

*Iren.* It may be so, my Lord, but unto me  
He keeps his usual pace.

*Thom.* Madam,

Your coldness now surprizes me as much

As did the Larum of your Love to day.

*Iren.* Good, my Lord, you'll make *Calista* jealous.

*Thom.* You are too cautious, Madam.

*Iren.* She's not so.

*Thom.* I understand you not.

*Iren.* My Lord, Good-night,

I am a bad Dissembler of Passion,

I find it will break out; therefore I'll go

And waste this Night in Tears.

*Thom.* Why so *Irene*?

*Iren.* My Lord, no more, I still must wish you well.

*Thom.* Remember six a Clock.

*Iren.* I shall have cause.

*Ex. Irene.*

*Enter Chancellour.*

*Chanc.* I shall bring Company will spoil the Sport; --

Your Highnesses Boy I see waits very close:

I never see him from you.

*Thom.* No, 'tis a pretty Spaniel,

He's always diligent to Fetch and Carry.

*Chanc.* I'm glad I did present him to your Highness,

Since he's so acceptable.

*Thom.* All Favours

That I receive from you must needs be so.

*Chanc.* My Lord, I am sorry my Duty to my Master,

Should make me doubt my Service unto you,

As your words hint.

*Thom.* No Argument i'th' Presence;

I thank you for my Boy, that's all my Lord. *[Whisper the Emp.]*

*Udox.* It cannot be, my Lord, the Prince and You  
Are both (I'll say no more) but you're both men ;  
And what h' has promis'd is not to *Irene*,  
But to *Calista* there.

*Dor.* You do amaze me :  
This wild discourse has no Connexion in it.  
*Udox.* A great deal more than has your wilder Action.

*Dorell.* I'll call the Prince to hear you.

*Calist.* *Udoxia*---

*Udox.* *Calista* calls, I cannot stay my Lord.--

*Ex. Ladies.*

*Chanc.* Sallies will spend our men to little purpose.

*Thom.* 'Twill rather make us Souldiers ; every Sally  
Made with fresh men will soon experience.

Had all men Courages but like your Highness,  
Experience then, 'tis true, was only needful ;  
But most by Nature are unfit for War.

*Thom.* My Lord, you are mistaken ; I affirm,  
There's not a man of able Bulk and Strength,  
But may be brought to fight proportionably,  
At least in Crowds they may.

*Chanc.* Admit it so :  
But will the Emperour, or Senates Prudence,  
Suffer your Highness still to expose your Person  
To hourly danger ; when the Empires Hopes,  
Is next his Majesty, all plac'd in you.

*Emp.* Aye, now you've touch'd the String that hits my Pancy ;  
Your Personal safety Brother ; Surely that  
Ought to be all our care, and shall be mine :  
I am confident no Sally can be safe  
Without you Head it, nor you in any one ;  
Therefore we will rely on future Succours.

*Card.* Those from his Holiness will soon be here,  
Besides the *Rhodian* and *Venetian* Forces,  
I'm confident will not be long behind.

*Thom.* These are meer Dreams of Safety.

*Emp.* Wait a little ;  
We have an open Port to *Asia*-ward,

And

And cannot want Provisions. Good-night Brother.

*Ex. all but Thom. Dor. Mut.*

*Thom.* You see *Dorello*, this cunning Gown-man  
Is grown so tender of my Persons safety,  
That to keep me well, the *Turk* must not be Beat.

*Dor.* I blame him not, now you're to Marry his Daughter.

*Thom.* I Marry her! ---

*Dor.* So *Udoxia* tells me,  
And that to morrow morning.

*Thom.* 'Tis short warning;  
But who has made the Match?

*Dor.* I know not that;  
But she says this you promis'd at the Mask.

*Thom.* Pish! the mistakes, it was the Fair *Irene*  
I only spoke to there.

*Dor.* How's this? there's some mistake: Was it the Lady  
That you Danc'd with you made the Promise to?

*Thom.* Aye, what of that!

*Dor.* Then Sir it was *Calista*.

*Thom.* It is impossible, her Dress was that  
*Irene* had on, when the Souldiers ruff'd her.

*Dor.* Sir, that may be, but yet it was *Calista*,  
I saw her after when her Mask was off,  
And had a Complement from her.

*Thom.* But why should she accept my first Address?

*Dor.* That her Ambition taught! But will you meet?

*Thom.* I wou'd meet Death much sooner,--- You shall go  
And undeceive her, if it is She that comes;  
But I'll be near, in hopes it will prove *Irene*.

*Dor.* Those hopes will quickly vanish in your Highness.

*Thom.* This Chancellour, like some unlucky Star,  
Does interpose his Direful Influence  
Through all my Happiness in Love or Honour.  
How strangely

Wife Heav'n with unseen Links makes Chains of Fate,  
This Hawks good Fortune that's unfortunate.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Clanc. Loren. Andr. Lion. with 4 Wenches, and Fiddlers.*

1 *Wench.* You are the Maddest Man I ever met with.

SONG.

## SONG.

*Now Fruition has empti'd our Bottles of Love,  
 Let the Bottles of Wine fly about;  
 The heat of that Fire,  
 Shall inflame our desire,  
 And Phlegmatick Dulness remove.  
 A Health to the best,  
 A Pox o'th' rest,  
 And hey for the i'ther brisk Bout.*

*Chanc.* Come, Faith Madam, once again.

*1 Wench.* Pray Sir stay, I am not i'th' humour.

*Chanc.* See, tee, here's Gold; will this exalt thy humour?

*Lion.* See there! You Scurvy Queans, did you fear Sconces?

*1 Wench.* I hope, my Dear, you'l give me some Silk Stockins.

*Chanc.* Aye, and rich Garters too; there's twenty Pieces,  
 Rig thy whole Vessel! what, hast found thy humour?

*1 Wench.* Aye, my Dear, you are such another man.

*Ex. Chancellour and Wench.*

*Andr.* Signior, Lorenzo! your Friend's a Man of Mettle.

What does he give all that?

*Loren.* Alas, that's nothing.

*2 Wench.* My Dear, will you give me some?

*Loren.* Aye, there---there's 20 Pieces for thee.

*Lion.* But you Inhance the Price most damnably,  
 I've had a better Whore for half a Crown.

*2 Wench.* Whore! you foul-mouth'd Fellow.

*Lion.* Aye Whore, what came we for but Whore?

*3 Wench.* But, my Dear. *The other two Wenches Dun the Cap-  
 tains round the Stage.*

*2 Wench.* My Dear, why wou'd you bring such Shabby Fellows  
 With you?

*Loren.* They're honest Gentlemen, tho' they want Money.

*2 Wench.* Honest, faugh! A poor Rogue can't be honest;  
 But you are the Goodest Man. Prithee, my Dear,  
 Lend me but 10 l. more, and you will make me---

*Loren.*

*Loren.* Ten pound, what's that ! here 'tis for one bare Kiss.

*Andr.* Hold Signior, for half that I've compounded ;  
I want it but to pay, pray lend it me.

*Lion.* And me the rest ; I shan't have time to drink else.

*Loren.* I beg your Pardon, I must not starve my Love.

*3 Wench.* Your Love, 'tis a fine one, she ply'd i'th' Town  
Seven years before I knew it.

*Loren.* That's no matter ;  
She has the more experience. I am constant.

*2 Wench.* So I will be my Dear, for all their Malice.

*3 Wench.* I will not loose my time thus.

*4 Wench.* Faith, nor I ; I could 'een cry my eyes out.

*Lion.* Now we have time to drink to thee *Andrea* ;

A Pox on High-priz'd Whoring. *Chanc. and Wench re-enter.*

*Chanc.* What's here, two Turtles pining without Mates !

*Loren.* Their Girls went crying ripe for what ours got.

*Chanc.* That must not be Ladies ; go fetch 'em in,  
I'll see them paid, but bring no Tears amongst us ;

No weeping *Cupid* here, we're for the Boys

That Caper and shew Tricks in Ladies Eyes.

*Andr.* 'Fore Heav'n, the merriest *Greek* I ever met with ;  
Is he a Servant o'th' Chancellours ?

*Loren.* Aye Sir.

*Lion.* Faith you are Princes by your Places.  
Here's your Lords Health for your sakes ; he's a Master  
The best i'th' Empire, all men say that.

*Chanc.* Pox o' Great Men, and great things ; they both devour  
All that one gives without the least delight ;  
I'm for the Souldiers Health.

*Andr.* Then we're your Men :  
We two to night did pay the *Turks* away.

*Lion.* Each kill'd his *Bassa* ; though *Thomazo* Huffs,  
As if he had done all : but time will come.  
I'll say no more,-- our General must not lye thus.

*Andr.* No, by my Sword,-- I'll fire the City rather---  
But let that pass, I'll sing a Song I made  
Since we return'd from killing the *Bassa's*.

*Chanc.* Rogues ! that were both in Prison. But the better,--



A Huffing Coward always proves a Villain.  
Ile taste them by and by.—

Andrea sings.

SONG.

*They come, they come ;  
Hark, do you hear that Drum ?  
It is an Alarum to War,  
To Love it does Beat,  
A Fatal Retreat :  
See, see, where our Enemies are.*

*A Noise, a Noise,  
Of Shouts and Dreadful Cry  
Has frighted our Scouts, they come in :  
Then farewell delight,  
Till after the Fight,  
We'll Rout them, and at it agen.*

*They Fly, they Fly,  
Hark how they Quarter cry ;  
Their Valour lies now in their speed :  
Their Bassa's in vain  
Would Rally again,  
But a Turk delights not to Bleed.*

*Bring Wine, bring Wine,  
What do you still repine ?  
To trust a brave Souldier for drink ;  
The Enemy's run,  
Then Souldier be gone,  
He'll never return you do think.*

Chanc. The Wit and Courage of these Gentlemen  
Deserves the World Lorenzo should be theirs.

Andr. Ah Sir ! had we our Pay, we'd be contented :  
The Emperour owes us near six Weeks Pay.

Chanc. You ne're shall sigh for that ; Ile send it you.

Lion.



*Lion.* You shall have Imprest Bills that will secure you.

*Chanc.* That needs not, one slight favour you may do  
Pays me, and trebles that unto your selves.

*Andr.* Ask any thing i'th' compas of our Swords.

*Chanc.* 'Tis to prevent a Wedding two wou'd steal  
In *S. Sophia's* Church by break of day:

A quiet time, you know; if you will seize them,  
And carry them to the place I shall appoint,

*Lorenzo* will see you paid a 1000 Duckets.

*Loren.* You'll take my word for this, will you not Signior?

*Lion.* Aye, wer't ten times as much--- but we must have  
Some of our Men to help us, must we not?

*Chanc.* Aye, that you must.

*Andr.* I have a Faithful Servant, I'll send for him,  
And he shall pick some Men fit for the Work.

*Lion.* We'll not to Bed to night.

*Andr.* No, no Sleep

Till the good work be done. But more Instructions---

*Chanc.* We shall have time for that. But where's these Women?  
I cannot live an hour without a Woman;

Oh they're the useful'st Creatures:--

Come, let's go search, we must mix Love with Wine

A Wise Man thus still Revels with design.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT. III.

*Enter Mutantrope peeping about.*

*Mutan.* MY Lord is not come; What shall I do?

These are *Calista's* Lodgings: Oh that I could

But meet her--- I'd venture being known

To be no Mute to her, rather than she

Should be deluded thus. I see her coming;

But there's *Udoxia* too--- I must not speak

Except I get her single.

F

*Enter*

*Enter Calista and Udoxia; the Boy makes Signs  
to get Calista alone.*

*Calist.* How think you now *Udoxia*?

*Udox.* I'm convinc'd;

His Boy confirms your words. Ah poor *Irene*!

*Calist.* See but what Tricks he plays to get me with him.

Come *Udoxia*---nay, she must go with me. *Ex. Cal. and Udox.*

*Mutan.* There is no separating them. Where should her  
Father be? But I must follow.--- *Ex. Mut.*

### SCENE. A Church.

*Enter Andrea, Lionello, Lorenzo, and Souldiers.*

*Loren.* This is the place they meet at: Seize all that come,  
The Barge lies ready for you. I'll retire. *Exit.*

*Andr.* Down all upon your Knees; devoutly Rogues,  
To Pray'rs, to Pray'rs!

*1 Sould.* That's no usual word of Command Captain.

*Lion.* Silence, and to your Beads; Knock 'em apace.

*Enter Dorello.*

*Dorell.* Ha! such a Crowd of Souldiers: Sure 'tis Devotion  
To Rob our Lady Altar draws them hither  
So early in the Morning. Ha! who's here?

*Enter Calista, Udox. Mutantropo.*

*Udox.* The Boy is like his Master, sure run Mad. *Aide.*

*Calist.* The Boy grows troublesome: but where's his Master?

*Dorell.* Not far off Ladies; but he'll be much surpriz'd  
To meet you two I know.

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Loren.* Hift, hift, 'tis they *They muffle Dorello in his Cloak, and*  
*Dorell.* Ha! what's? --- *carry him, Mut. and the Ladies out.*

*Enter Priests and Ex. running.*

*1 Priest.* Hoe there! Sacriledge, Sacriledge,  
The Sanctuary's violated.

*Enter Irene.*

*Iren.* I am come time enough; I'm confident  
The East Door did just open: I'll to Pray'rs

Till

Till they arrive.

*Kneels.*

*Enter Chancelour.*

*Chanc.* I must needs see how this Affair succeeds;

Who's this ? Val'd ! It is some Curtezan,

Whose hot Devotion has bin up all Night ;

My Pray'rs will suit with hers--

*Kneels by Irene, she pulls*

Ha ! 'tis the Fair *Irene* ! that hand betrays her, *off her Glove to feel*

I know it by the Locket.--- Lady, your Saint *for a Book ; he rises.*

Is not stirring it--- But where are all my Rogues

Drinking their Morning's Draught, I'll be hang'd else,

I though they've bin up all Night ; my Secretary

Does use to play me those Tricks.

*Enter Priests.*

*1 Priest.* Here has bin sad Disorders in the Church,

A Gentleman, two Women, and a Boy,

All took away by force, and clapt on Board :

A Barge lay at the Key ; I ran and call'd,

But all in vain, for none did dare to stop them ;

Their *Genowees*'s did it.

*Iren.* Reverend Sir,

What sort of Persons were those carri'd hence ?

*Chanc.* 'Tis She.

*1 Priest.* Persons of Quality I'm sure.

*Chanc.* They are my Dogs have lit' upon wrong Game--

I'll place them in Retrieve--

*Iren.* Pray Heav'n they are not

Some Villains that have seiz'd on Prince *Thomazo*,

I cannot with his Falshood that hard Fate.

*Enter Thomazo Muffled.*

*Thom.* My Patience is quite lost by lingring doubt.

What Lady's this ?

*Kneels.*

*Iren.* Ha ! here's the Prince *Thomazo*.

*Thom.* May I presume to ask a Question Lady ?

*Iren.* What Question Sir ?

*In a feign'd Voice.*

*Thom.* Know you the Fair *Irene* ?

*Iren.* Yes ; and *Calista* too ; but good Sir, peace.

*Thom.* Your words make me half think you know my business.

*Iren.* I know 'em both too well.

*Thom.* Ha ! 'tis *Irene* !

*Enter* Chancellour, Andr. Lionel. Souldiers : *They seize Irene, and convey her out, whilst the Captain engage Thomazo.*

*Chanc.* There's the Woman.

*Iren.* Help me *Thomazo* ! help !

*Thom.* Villains unhand her, she is worth your lives.

*Andr.* And Livelihoods too boot : Therefore no passing.

*Thom.* I'll give you double Hire, and Pardon too.

*Lion.* Ha ! Prince *Thomazo*, I'll keep my double distance.

*Enter Priests and seize on Thom. Captains run away.*

*1 Priest.* Sacriledge, Sacriledge ! Murder, Murder !

*Thom.* Unhand me Fools-- your Sanctuary's broke ;

The Fair *Irene* is forc'd away by Villains.

*1 Priest.* We beg your Highness Pardon.

*Thom.* Spare your Complements, and make pursuit ;

The Fair *Irene* is lost else.

*Exeunt.*

# SCENE. *The Chancellours House.*

*Enter* Chancellour, Irene, Loren. *Captains Souldiers :*  
*The Chanc. discovers himself.*

*Chanc.* To shew you whom you serv'd ; behold, tis me :

Dispair not of full Recompence--- *Lorenzo,*

Go Treat the Noble Captains like themselves,

And give the Souldiers Belly-fulls of Wine.

*1 Sould.* We humbly thank your Lordship.

*Iren.* Villains ! tell me !

How did you leave the Prince ?

*Andr.* Truly, Madam,

We left him in the hands of Ghostly Fathers.

*Iren.* Oh Heav'ns ! the Prince in danger.

*Chanc.* Madam, don't

Afflict your self, for you will find a Prince

Of far more Pow'r to Court you to his Arms.

*Iren.* Pernicious Traytor ! what's thy Damn'd Design ?

*Chanc.* I mean to make you Queen of large Dominions.

*Iren.* Oh Heav'ns, the Villain does deride my griefs :

But if *Thomazo's* dead, I'll not survive ;

There's

There's many ways to Death, and I'll find one.

*Lion.* Madam, on that account you need not do't,  
For Prince *Thomazo's* well.

*Iren.* O ! tell me Friend,  
One Truth before you die, how did you leave him ?

*Lion.* Why truly then, we left him just as fast  
As Heels could carry us ! Faith, there's no coming  
Within the length on's Sword : yet this I'll boast,  
Though he out-fights us, we out-run him much.

*Iren.* Is the Prince safe then ?

*Andr.* Yes, but I ly'd not,  
For Ghostly Fathers laid hold on him,  
And so we got the start.

*Chanc.* You're honest men !

*Lorenzo !* Treat them first, then pay their Money---  
But, do you hear--- be sure you Spice their Cups---

*Loren.* I shall, my Lord.

*Chanc.* Give them double Doses.

*Andr.* Your Lordship is too bountiful.

*Ex. Loren. and Sould.*

*Chanc.* Madam, the Mighty *Sultan* is your Slave :  
To the Exalted State of *Turkish* Queen  
My care is to advance you, think of that.

*Iren.* Sure thou art not half the Traytor thou wouldst seem. *Ex.*

### SCENE. *The Town.*

*Enter Synan Bassa, Dorello, and Mutanlope.*

*Dorell.* My Conversation ever was at Court,  
Though not i'th' highest Sphere, and Prince *Thomazo*  
Has often honour'd me with his Commands :  
But he's a Prince of such a steady temper,  
Tis not the *Sultans* Empire would Bribe him  
To one disloyal thought, much less *Morea*.

*Synan.* I do believe you Sir ; and that's the cause  
I cannot find one man that dares attaque him,  
Nor do I hope Success, if you shall do't ;  
I only by it seek to gain some proofs



May shew my Prince my care has not bin wadding.

*Dorell.* Upon the word of a true Gentleman,  
I'll break the matter to him--and return,  
My Life and Liberty continuing safe,  
To give you his full Answer.

*Synan.* Sir, pardon me,  
You have some Secrets gain'd o' th' Chancellour  
Must be kept private too.---

*Dorell.* From all but him,  
With whom I mainly treat, they shall, my Lord;  
Nor shall he know them but on faithful promises  
Of being private, and you may trust his word.

*Synan.* No generous mind can well suspect another  
Without some cause, and I see none in you;  
And as a proof of my esteem, I'll truit you.

*Dorell.* Your Frankneis binds me more than Sacraments,  
And makes me bold to ask one Favour more,  
That as you'd send the Prince this Boy agen,  
He did esteem him much.

*Synan.* Sir, I am sorry  
I must deny you this-- But Sir, believe me,  
This Boy is worth my Life; you do not know  
Our *Sul* an--the least breach of his Commands  
Is Death inevitable. You heard him say  
He'd have him made an Eunuch; I must do't,  
Or never see his Face in safety more.  
He likes him 'cause he is a Natural Mute;  
He's properer for Secrets than the other.

*Dorell.* No, not at all my Lord, for I will tell you-- *Whispers.*

*Mutalt.* Make me an Eunuch! before I will be that,  
Tie own I have both Tongue and Ears to boor.

*Synan.* 'Tis strange observance this you tell me of;  
'Tis pity he was Mute--- but come poor Child--  
How's this?

*Mutant.* will not follow, *Synan takes hold of him.*

*Dorell.* I thought he guest at our Discourse.

*Syn.* This must not save you Sir.

*Mutant.* O good my Lord.

*Synan.* Ha! do you delude me Sir?

*Dorell.*



*Dorell.* No, on my Life !

*Synan.* ~~Sicah~~ ! who taught you to dissemble Dumbness ?

*Mutant.* I was a Spy, plac'd on *Thomazo's* Actions  
By my Lord Chancellour.

*Dorell.* O Monstrous Subtilty !

*Synan.* Then as thy punishment, I will assure thee,  
Thy Tongue shall keep an Everlasting Silence ;  
For I will ha't cut out. Sir, follow me.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *The Chancellours House.*

*Enter Andrea, Lionello, Souldiers poison'd--doing mad things ;  
some Cussing, some Singing.*

*Enter Chancellour, Irene above.*

*Chanc.* Observe this sight, you'l say I am in earnest,  
When I declare I mean to make you Queen.

*Iren.* What, you have made the *Ruffians* Drunk, 't seems !

*Chanc.* Aye, Dead Drunk ; pray mark'em Madam.

*Lion.* To be poyson'd thus ! to be sent out of the World like  
A Rat, by a Politick Whoremaster.-- Oh--oh--

*Andr.* Was this the double Dose the Devil meant ?  
Sure 'twas a Cup of Wild-fire mixt in Hell.  
Such Drink as this wou'd make Damnation double.

*I Sould.* Pray, pray Captain ! Good Captain let's to pray'rs.

*Andr.* It is too late for pray'rs--ten thousand Devils  
Are in my Entrals, tearing out my Soul.

Water ! Water ! to quench this Hellish Fire.

*Omn.* Water, Water, Water, &c.

*Andr.* See *Lionello* ! See, the Devil's there.

*Lion.* Where ? Where ? I see him grinning now i'th' Shape  
O'th' Chancellour.

*Andr.* Look ! how he Laughs and Snickers ; Ha, ha, ha,  
A Woman-Devil too--- there's Whores in Hell.

*Lion.* Aye, Whores ! abundance !

*Andr.* Let me have one then ;  
They're Coolers *Lionello* ! Excellent Coolers,

And

And I'm exceeding Hot.

*Chanc.* Ha, ha, ha; what Crotchets come into their dying Pates?

*Iren.* How, dying Sir! in this Dispairing State!

*Chanc.* Yes truly, Madam, I take care they shan't  
Spoil your Advancement by their future Prating.

*Iren.* I've heard and seen too much, and will no more. *Ex. Irene.*

*Andr.* A VVhore! a thousand VVhores, good *Lucifer*,  
For our Great Chancellour! Some VVhores, I say.

*Lion.* I'll Pimp no more for him! I'll see him first:

I let him be Flog'd, let him be Flog'd. VVhips, VVhips,  
Let him have VVhips of Fire to Lath his Soul.

*Andr.* The Stinking Lord grows dry, and needs VVhips;  
Then lend me one, good Devil, I will tear him.

*Mich.* My Lord! *Enter Michael with Letters.*  
These Letters come from *Synan Bassa*.

*Chanc.* See there! the Christian Slaves are paid their VVages.

*Lion.* Give me my Gold, give me my Gold, Gold, Gold;  
I'll Rob the Church no more else. Give me Gold.

*Andr.* Aye, give me Gold! I'll pay my VVhores most bravely,  
She shall wear Smocks well Lac'd.

*2 Sould.* Oh Heaven!

*1 Sould.* If there be Heav'n!

VVhich is the way, good Captain; I'll go thither.

*Andr.* Right before your Nose.

*All die.*

*Chanc.* O Heav'n's! my Daughter, and *Odexia* both,  
Are in the *Turkish* Camp--- surpriz'd by these  
In a mistake. Ten thousand Torments more  
VVrack your Bodies here, and Souls hereafter.

*Lion.* VVhat Screech-Owl's that? ha! what a sight is this?  
Then I am dying too! My Lord, look down,  
All these lost Souls will be requir'd of you;  
They will, my Lord; and I can this foretel,  
T'th' midst of all your hopes you will find Death,  
By Tortures worse than ours. Some Mercy Heav'n.

*Dies.*

*Chanc.* Hell take thee for thy News; it meets an hour  
Of such Calamity, it makes Impression;  
See that their Bodies safely are bestow'd.  
VVould I had ne're begun to be thus ill,

*Ex. Michael.*

*It*

It had been better much. Then I'd best change !

But how ? I am gone too far to do that safely :

Then farewell Virtue, since it is too late,

By Ills on Ills I'll 'mount above my Fate.

*Enter Emperor, Thomazo, Theop.  
and Attendants.*

*Exit.*

*Noise of a Storm.*

*Emp.* This is Prodigious ! 20 great Ships  
To Sail o're Land eight Miles, this threatens more  
Than all they did before.

*Thom.* This Storm was made  
Only t'amuse us whilst they lodg'd the Ships  
Above the Chain ; So to Besiege us round  
And cut off all Relief.

*Emp.* That they'l now do ;  
Never till now we truly found the want  
O'th' Christian Ships I order'd to be stop't ;  
There was some Practice, which I shall find out,  
Procur'd that disobedience to those orders ;  
All I find guilty certainly shall dye for't.

*Theop.* He that advis'd their Sailing must be one then.

*Emp.* I do suspect him most, but yet I can't  
Safely, without clear proof, Arrest his Person ;  
The Senate would Relent it if I did.

*Thom.* My Lord, No news o'th' Souldiers, or your Daughter ?

*Theop.* No, none at all.

*Thom.* Surely they have convey'd 'em to the Turk ?

*Emp.* I fear that most--- But come, Let's go to Council.

*Thom.* Council may Cure the State ; but cannot me :  
This Loss foretels my endless Misery.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Chancellor, Lorenzo, Boy.*

*Loren.* Thomazo makes the Guards so Vigilant,  
Her least Resistance, Sir, would Ruine all.

*Chan.* Then She must be deluded by this Boy ?  
Think you he'll do't well ?

*Loren.* Ne're doubt, my Lord,  
He is by Nature fram'd for Roguery.

*Chan.* Instruct him well ; But to avoid detection,  
Send him along with her ---- I must to Council.

My pretty Child, Do what *Lorenzo* bids thee  
And thou shalt have my Favour.

*Loren.* Come *Kecko*-----

*Exit Chanc.*  
*Exeunt Lor. Boy.*

*Enter Irene Sola.*

What a sad life is this to be confin'd  
From Friends, 'or sight of any Humane Creature,  
But Cruel, unrelenting Murderers ;  
And ne're to change this Goal but for a worse :  
A Sultaneſs ----- a Strumpet ----- Ah *Thomas*,  
Hadſt thou been true, this Miſchief ne're had happen'd.

*A Song without, after which Kecko comes in  
Playing.*

**V**ENUS chanc'd to Love. a Boy,  
Young Adonis was her joy;  
He once lept from off her Knee  
To hunt and take an Humble-Bee.  
Then the Bagg to her did bring,  
She ſigh'd, and aſkt him for the Sting.

2.

When he look'd on, ſaw her Eye  
Drop a Tear, he ſtrait did cry,  
Oh! forgive me, I will bring  
A bigger and a longer Sting.  
Smiling, ſhe cry'd, pretty Lad,  
When that time comes, I'll be glad.

*Irene.* I ſee there ſtill is left ſome Innocence  
To keep the World from ſinking. Pretty Boy,  
Which way didſt thou get in?

*Kecko.* I'll ſhew you Madam.

*Irene.* This Child may prove an Angel-Guardian to me. *Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter Emperor, Thomazo, Cardinal, Chancellor, Theoph.*  
*as from Council.*

*Emp.* This Insolence o'th' Souldiers so debated  
 By the Senate first, and now by us in Council,  
 Does spend that time might better be employed  
 For the safety of the whole,---- first let the Senate  
 Provide but Money speedily to pay them,  
 Strickt Discipline will follow that of courte.

*Chanc.* Your Majesty however may consider  
 That these Debates are not without all cause,  
 I wish to Heav'n they were, with Tears I speak,  
 To have our Children ravish'd from our Armes;  
 Nay, torn from Altars in despite to Heav'n,  
 And all things, Sacred Law, Nature, and Religion,  
 To be made Prostitutes to their vile Lusts!  
 To have a Lord o'th' Senate and the Council,  
 Convey'd away and Murther'd; This brave Prince,  
 Forc'd to defend his Sacred Person daily  
 By his own Courage, 'gainst their Insolence,  
 Not to speak of Prisons broke, or rescues made,  
 And all the lesser mischiefs hourly done!  
 If this be not worth a Senates grave advice,  
 What can be Sir?

*Theoph.* My good Lord Chancellor,  
 I do believe all men will think my griefs  
 Must equal be to yours, the cause being so,  
 I am sure this wretched Life I would give up  
 To see my Daughter and her honour safe:  
 But yet I think her yours, and hundreds more  
 Not worth the time we vainly spend about them:  
 My Lord, by your advice amongst the rest  
 The Empire lies at stake: first think of that,  
 And money 'tis, if any thing can save it,  
 All Councils that retard that; scarce are honest.

*Chanc.* Honest! 'twas scarce well, said the Senate sitting,  
 I'm sure of that, for they're of other minds,



And 'tis but fit we wait their Resolutions.

*Card.* Certainly your Majesty cannot do better  
Then follow their advice ; they're the great Council,  
They represent the whole, what they conclude,  
You may without th' least fear of blame pursue.

*Emp.* Blame! my Lord Cardinal, you are not my subject,  
And so perhaps do erre through Ignorance ;  
But good my Lord, learn this, --- I give account  
To none but Heaven for any thing I do :  
I take advice 'tis true, but still am free  
To act as I see cause, --- Council does cease  
To wear that name when it can be Coercive ;  
So know my Lord, I fear no Earthly blame,  
No, not the Popes. Then use some other word.

*Card.* Sir, I ask Pardon if that word offended,  
I can be sorry too, but yet that I shant  
Make me neglect my Duty to the Pope,  
Whom you were pleas'd to name with too much heed ;  
As I conceive, I have no business here,  
Except you think his Holiness on Earth,  
Heaven's Deligate.

*Emp.* In Heavenly things I do ;  
In Earthly, though he has no more Dominions  
Than what our Royal Predecessor gave him ;  
And if he seeks more here, 'tis Labour lost.

*Thom.* I'm glad his Eminence hears this Truth  
From your own Sacred Mouth ; he still believ'd  
None but my self durst boldly urge the Point,  
My Enemies I'm sure made him believe so.

*Chanc.* Your Highness I'm afraid mistakes your friends,  
Your best and truest Friends, for Enemies ;  
I humbly am afraid, I say, you do ;  
For I believe there's not a Grecian breaths,  
But does admire you justly for your Virtues,  
Your solid Prudence, Constancy and Vallour.

*Thom.* Spend not your breath my Lord, in long harangs  
Of me, for all you can say, wont  
Make my Opinion jump with yours



In your this Dayes debates,-----

*Emp.* No certainly,  
To urge the stop o'th' Empires main concern  
For private Grievances, as if you did  
Design the Turk shou'd win it,---this is Truth.

*Chanc.* I'm sorry that your Majesty thinks so;  
But I have hopes the Senate yet will clear me.

*Thom.* Those hopes are Insolent! I said it Lord---

*Chanc.* I hope, my Lord, my candid Actions will  
Set me in former favour with my Prince,  
And clear to all the World my Innocence;  
So humbly begging Pardon, I'll retire.

*Card.* I wish your Majesty may do the best.

*Theop.* This Chancellor, your Majesty does find,  
Disturbs, if not betrays your weightyest Councils.

*Emp.* He plainly does them both; yet at this juncture  
It is not safe to take the Seals away,  
For fear the Senate think their love to him  
Does move me to it.

*Thom.* Let him keep them,  
Without the Princes favour those are useless.  
But Sir, the time requires, that with resolves  
Becoming Majesty, you press the Senate  
For speedy Aid, and till that's done, command  
That no debate beside be enter'd on.

*Emp.* No Emperor, ever Raign'd, had a less mind  
To place harsh Rules on Councils than my self;  
The Freedom of Debates should be preserv'd  
If it were possible in every Council,  
Much more in that of highest Dignity;  
If not in time we ne're should hear the Truth,  
As these common Rules must be laid by;  
New Exigents must make new Presidents,  
And ignorance only still Cries out for old.

*Thom.* Sir, your affairs are at the last extrem;  
The Senate if they please may help you much;  
And I am confident the major part  
Wou'd singly quit their lives to do you service;

*Exit Chan.*

*Exit Card.*

That

That which prevents them, are some subtle heads,  
By specious doubts and questions puzzle them,  
Your Resolution must undo this Charm.

*Emp.* Brother, in this I do concur with you,  
Nothing but their extreame shall make me so,  
They'l either guide or force all I shall do.

*Exeunt.*

## A C T. IV.

*Enter Irene in Mans Cloaths, with the Boy.*

*Irene.* **T**Hus far we are well; we've past two Courts of Guard:  
Dear Child, how many more dost think there is?

*Boy.* There's but one more before we get toth' Court.

*Irene.* Sure this is not the way; although 't be dark,  
Yet I've some little guesse, and think these Lanes  
Do rather lead toth' harbour then the Court.

*Boy.* No, I'll warrant you, do but follow me,  
I soon will make you safe.

*Enter Lorenzo, and  
Michael dogging.*

*Irene.* 'Tis so; that is the end of St. Sophia  
Street. Child, thou mistakes, this is the way I'm sure.

*Lorenz.* That must not be---who goes there?---  
None speak, who are you there I say?

*Exiturus.*

*Mich.* 'Twas no body.

*Loren.* I'm sure there was, it seem'd a Womans voice,  
And comming from my Lord, I hope it is not  
The beauteous Lady we had Pris'ner there,  
Her losse would ruine him.

*Mich.* Come, come, there's no body; let's haft home to bed.

*Loren.* No, I will watch this Street for halfe an hour,  
I'm sure 'twas some body design'd to passe.

*Exeunt aside.*

*Guard without.* Who goes there?

*Loren.* Friends.

*Guard.* What Friends?

*Loren.* Friends to the Guard, and Servants to the Lord Chancellor.

*Guard.* Come before the Captain of the Watch.

*Boy.*

*Boy.* The Grand Round's coming; haste; we're undone---

*Irene.* I'll follow thee--- but know not what I shun.

*Enter Thomazo and Soldiers as in a Grand Round,  
with them Michael and Lorenzo.*

*Lorenz.* Our Lord's not come from Court, and we were going  
To wait upon him there.

*Thom.* The Council did sit late.

*Mich.* Your Highness has no commands to honour  
Your humble Servants with.

*Thom.* No, none at all.

*Exeunt severally.*

*Enter Irene and Boy.*

*Irene.* Where are we now? I've follow'd thee so fast,  
I had not time to observe which way we ran.

*Boy.* Nor I, I'm sure, nor know I what to do,  
I've lost my self, and shall be Ruin'd by it,  
I wish I ne're had medl'd.

*Irene.* What say'st thou Child? Come, I will save thee harmless:  
Let's knock at the next house and take a Guide.

*Boy.* No, no, they all know me, that were the way  
To be Surpriz'd, and carry'd to my Lords---  
Stay you here, I'll search about for the way.

*Exit.*

*Irene.* How terrible to me this darkness seems!  
That and this Habit both do give me fear,  
And yet they both must prove my greatest Friends.  
Unusual things, though Innocent, amaze us.  
I'm near the Strand: I hear the Water roar  
As if the Waves fought to o'come the Shore;  
This joyn'd with Solitude, the Night and Fear  
Makes all my Danger double to appear;  
But who are these?

*Hides her self.*

*Enter Michael and Lorenzo looking about.*

*Lorenz.* If she be gone, we'll use the Boat our selves,  
It is no staying, she'l betray us all.

*Mich.* 'Tis a strange Diligence in Prince Thomazo,  
To walk the Round himself.

*Lorenz.* To meet with us in St. Sophia-street was damn'd  
Unlucky too.

*Michael.* Would that was all,

But thus to lose our prize, makes me stark Mad,  
Let's to the Barge, perhaps they may inform us. *Exeunt.*

*Irene.* These are the Villains that the Round did stop,  
And Prince *Thomazo* too it seems was there:  
Oh! my unlucky Fear that made me fly  
From such a Sanctuary that was so near me,  
Their words seem'd darkly to reflect on me,  
And on a Boat; I hope I am not betray'd.  
But where should be the Boy, he stays thus long?  
I am afraid, in seeking out his way,  
He's slipt into the Sea: Heavens guard him from it,  
*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* Hift! hift!

*Irene.* Here, here! oh, there has bin two men  
Came talking by: Two of the Chancellors Servants,  
They seem'd to speak of me and of a Boat.

*Boy.* Which way went they?

*Irene.* Down this Street.

*Boy.* That's our way; I now have found it out,  
Come, let's make haste----

*Irene.* No, let's go any way rather than that.

*Boy.* We must go that, there is no other truly.

*Irene.* I tell thee, Child, I'll rather seek *Thomazo*,  
He's on the Round, I wish I had not shun'd him;  
Come, let's up this Street.

*Boy.* Stay a little!

What shall I do? how unlucky 'twas I went  
That they should miss us thus, ---- I'de better kill her,  
I'm sure, than she should meet *Thomazo*,  
That must not be then: but I will trifle time;  
Perhaps they may return.

*Irene.* Come Child, what look'st thou for? Pristhee let's go,  
This way I'm sure does lead to the higher street,  
And that way to the Sea.

*Boy.* No, I'm confident this is our way,  
And I must go no other; Pray come then.

*Irene.* This Boy Surprizes me, ---- I will go this way.

*Boy.* You shall not take my Cloaths along with you,

*Draws.*

I am sure of that, if you will needs be going,  
Strip and deliver them first.

*Iren.* Prithee Child, let me persuade thee.

*Boy.* No, no, give me my Cloaths, and go where you will.

*Iren.* You know I want my own, and they're much better;  
Put up thy Sword.

*Boy.* No, no, go back toth' house, and take your Cloaths,  
But on you shall not go if I han't mine.

*Iren.* I have a Sword too, and sure, methinks his strength  
Should not be more than mine; Come, Prithee  
Be rul'd, and go this way, I have a Sword else,  
And twice the strength of thee; but I am loth  
To do thee hurt, if thou wilt put up thine.

*Boy.* No, I will not, except you'l go this way.

*Irene.* Nay, then there's more than Childish thoughts  
Does prompt the Boy: To this a greater fear  
Must drive away the less---

Come Child, be rul'd, I still am loth to hurt thee.

*Drams.*

*Boy.* Nay, if you come to that, do what you can,  
You shall not steal my Cloaths:

I must gain time, yet I'm loth to hurt her.

*They fight awkwardly, and at a great distance.*

*Enter Lorenzo and Michael.*

*Irene.* Boy, you see your Sword can do no good;  
Then trust my word, and go along with me.

*Boy.* If I had thought you'd ha' serv'd me thus,  
I'd never have helpt you, that I wou'd not.

*Lorenz.* How's this! They're here---  
What, Men a quarrelling?

*Aside.*

*Mich.* No, on my life meer Boys,  
Ripe Soldiers I'll be Sworn; what is the Quarrel?

*Boy.* Let him tell it if he will.

*Iren.* O! I am löst, these are the Murderers,  
The Boy will certainly discover me.

*Loren.* Young Gentlemen, here take your Swords agen;  
What would your Quarrel be? Rivals in Love!

*Mich.* Ay, for a Paper Kite, or some such thing:  
What, will neither of you relate your Quarrel?

H

*Boy.*



*Boy.* Our Quarrel was about the way to Court,  
He said 'twas that; and I affirm'd 'twas this.

*Loren.* Then he was in the wrong, and ought ask pardon.

*Irene.* I do with all my heart: Pray, Sir, forgive me;  
What a good Boy is this that still conceals me.

*Mich.* We just came both from Court,  
Yet will go back a little way with you  
To set you right, that you sha'nt miss it after.

*Boy.* I humbly thank you Sir.

*Irene.* And so do I;  
But I still doubt this way, I know not why?

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Synan and Calista.*

*Synan.* It was a strange neglect you and your Father  
Both made, in not discovering this *Dorello*  
To be a Lord o' th' Council: I'm afraid  
'Twill cost his Head; but I have given him notice,  
He is gone back, and on what Errand too.

*Calist.* I hope his Wisdom soon will find away  
To clear himself, and place all guilt on him:  
But good my Lord, how stands my great affair.

*Synan.* Madam, as you wou'd wish to morrow Night,  
The Sultan does intend you for his Bed,  
Therefore adorn your self with all your Charms.

*Calista.* My Lord, this Obligation is so great,  
That no sufficient thanks can be repay'd.

*Synan.* Yes, Madam, but it may; for tho' we Eunuchs  
Cannot be Lovers, yet our other Passions  
Grow more unruly by our loss of that,  
As Deprivation of one Sense, does double  
The Vigour of another: so Ambition  
Oft gives hopes, fears, fruition, and despair  
To us, more violently then Lovers feel them,  
Then when you shall possess the Sultans heart,  
This passion of my Soul you may indulge.

*Calist.* Next pleasing him, it shall be all my Study,  
And let me be despis'd by the Great Sultan  
That hour I fail to be your faithful Creature:  
Thus I must talk till I possess my power,

Then

Then I am free to act as I see cause.

*Enter Mutan with a Letter which Synan reads.*

*Synan.* Go, bring that Person in that brought this Letter; Madam, 'tis from your Father.

*Enter Messenger.*

Tell me Friends! how did the Youths you brought Behave themselves?

*Messeng.* One Sir was quiet, to'ther shew'd a sorrow Approach'd near Madnefs, oft, if not prevented, He had leapt over-board to drown himself; Thus he continued 'till our Boat was boarded, By one went hence to Town; in that there was A Christian the Boy knew, and whisper'd with; On which he did produce a large Commission Under the Sultans Seal, and sign'd by you, Pretending he had power to take him from us, But all in vain; our Orders were too strict, So we refus'd obedience, and have brought him.

*Synan.* You have done well, keep them without a little, *Ex. Mess. and Mut.* This desperate Youth he talks of is *Irene*, And he that would have seiz'd her, is *Dorello*, None else have had my pass: What's to be done?

*Calist.* Sir, if the Sultan sees her, I am despis'd; Her charming Beauty will eclipse mine quite.

*Synan.* But how shall I prevent it?

*Calist.* If you would Oblige me to the full, then tell the Sultan That she is lost by'th' way: her Sex conceal'd, As I perceive 'tis yet, will make the Story Above all Contradiction, but by me, And for my own sake, I shall never clear it; This way you may secure my happiness, And place about his Person your own Creature.

*Synan.* I will devote my future life to you, And hazard all my Fortunes on your Game; But how shall I conceal this charming Beauty?

*Calist.* Deliver her to me, as a Boy Sent you by some mistake, her fears will then Prompt her to keep conceal'd.

*Synan.* Well, I'll prepare her-----

*Exit Synan.*

*Calist.* Now base *Thomazo*, I'll Revenge thy scorn  
Upon the Person of the lov'd *Irene*;  
She and *Udoxia* both shall feel the smart  
Of an inrag'd Love, led by despair,  
Yet still my powers secure, I must dissemble:  
This *Synan Balsa* has a Soul too honest  
To be Assaulted with my great Designs  
Till I'm above his Arts to keep me out,  
But that once brought about; then my great Soul,  
Shall freely have it's swing without controule.

*Enter Synan with Irene*

*Synan.* Your Labour will not be much, Madam, this Boy  
Sent me, I know not why, here I devote  
To do you service-----

*Ex. Synan.*

*Calist.* My Lord I thank you,  
A pretty Boy indeed; your name sweet Youth.

*Irene.* I had not time to make it! Oh my Fate!  
To be condemn'd a Slave to her I hate.

*Calist.* What are your Blushes, Feare, or Modesty,  
Dispence with both at present; tell your Name:

*Irene.* My Name's *Thomazo*.

*Calist.* Heaven's she mocks me!

But oh my Rage, be still till I can feast Thee!  
Where were you Bred? and who did you belong to?

*Irene.* I've hardly wit enough to answer; Madam,  
My over tender Friends childithly Bred me,  
And I'm afraid 'twill Kill my Aged Father,  
To find that I am lost: If you have goodness  
But equal to your Beauty, 'tis excessive,  
And sure a just Request you can't deny.

*Calist.* It may be not, but tell me what it is,  
Your Complement does strongly plead for you.

*Irene.* Madam, it is you would prevent the trouble  
An unexperienc'd Boy will hourly give you,  
And send me back agen to my poor Father.

*Calist.* That must not be, you are too fair to part with;  
I like these Childish looks; This pretty Face

*Must*

Must not Adorn it self with Blushes thus,  
 They do assault a heart too hastily;  
 Part with such sweetness! Every word that begs it  
 Is a new Charm to strengthen a Denial;  
 I'll fetch a Glass, we will compare our Faces.

*Stroaks & plays  
 with Irene  
 Exit Calist.*

*Iren.* It is no wonder Prince *Thomazo* gain'd her  
 Upon his first address, since she can thus  
 Court me, yet think me all the while a Boy.

*Enter Calista  
 with a glass.*

*Calist.* Come hither pretty Rogue. That Nose of thine  
 Would match this Face much better, Those Plump lips  
 Methinks I cou'd Steal too--- I needs must kiss 'em---

*Irene.* Good Madam, pardon me.

*Calist.* So very Coy!  
 That prett' Chin I like----but for my Eye  
 I wou'd keep that, my Eye-brows too and Forehead.  
 Betwixt thy Face and mine might sure be made  
 A Beauty that wou'd Captivate all Hearts;  
 Let's try to make one such. Thy Innocence  
 Can do no harm in Bed; come thou and I  
 Wont part till both get better Bed-fellows.

*Ex. Calista.*

*Iren.* Prodigious Impudence! This goes beyond  
 The worst invented Stories of our Sex. Ha!

*Enter Calista  
 and Udoxia.*

*Calist.* Perhaps *Irene* will own her self to you,  
 To me she seems all man, and Courts me too.

*Irene.* Pardon me, Madam, that I durst not own  
 A Person I wisht lost to the whole World.

*Calist.* What to *Thomazo*?

*Irene.* Las, that Name I took  
 In too much haste; I know not what I said.

*Udox.* But can this be *Irene*?

*Iren.* Dear Friend, it is,  
 The much surpriz'd *Irene* to meet you here.

*Calist.* Did not *Dorello* tell you of us both?

*Iren.* How Madam, can you know he met with me?

*Calist.* I do forget my self; you came but now.

*Udox.* But what in this disguise has brought you hither?

*Iren.* How we're all here, I know not, but *Calista*,  
 I fear your Father has been much too blame.

*Udox.*

*Udon.* But I'll amend his Fault, by keeping you  
From being seen by any person living,  
'Till you are safe got back.

*Iren.* If this prove true,  
Her worth will my Aversion quite subdue.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Emperor and Chancellor Discoursing earnestly.*

*Emperor.* This to my Reason seems incredible,  
Yet to my sense is plain.

*Chanc.* Your Majesty  
Will sure perceive my Innocence by this,  
And what just grounds I had for all my Fears.

*Emp.* I know not what to think, but sure he cannot  
Be so unnatural, as this does speak him :  
Ill men begin at first with petty Crimes,  
And dare not by degrees launch forth to great.  
But he at one great leap from good to bad,  
Seems to love mischief in Extremity,  
And scorn to mount it's top by graduation.

*Chanc.* Sir, to be near, and yet but near a Crown,  
In Souls like his move strong Agitations.

*Emp.* What shall I say to it? --- I cannot think---  
But he will soon be here--- *Dorello* too---  
I scarce have Faith enough to doubt of his,  
But to believe an only Brother Traitor,  
And Traytor to this height--- I cannot do't---

*Chanc.* Sir, as you please for that. I charge him not---  
Alas he is too great for me to Cope with,  
But I had rather much his Power should Crush me ;  
Ay! Crush me into nothing--- then that you  
Who are my Sovereign Lord, and such an one  
To whom I owe all that is Noble in me,  
Shou'd seem to hazard life, and Empire both,  
By any fears of mine----

*Emp.* What shall I do?  
Cannot a Prince be merciful and safe?  
'Tis very hard I find--- this wicked Age  
Does almost think there's no such thing as goodness,

And



And villifie all Persons that profess it;  
 If Princes pardon Crimes they count it weakness,  
 And if they punish them 'tis Tyranny.

*Enter Thomazo.*

*Thom.* Sir, did you send for me?

*Emp.* Ay *Thomazo*!

But 'tis to tell you that which does amaze  
 Far more then Anger me; Cannot you guess  
 At what the matter is, and spare my Tongue  
 The trouble to declare such unkind things;  
 I wish you would *Thomazo*.

*Thom.* Your Majesty

Shall not find it hard to know the greatest secret  
 My mind can labour with.

*Emp.* Then tell me Brother,

Have not some late transactions done by you,  
 Or by *Dorello's* Ministry at least,  
 Bin of that Nature, well nigh cause my Anger.

*Thom.* Commented on by Enemies they may,  
 And I suspect no Friend was so officious  
 To tell you my design.

*Chanc.* I do perceive

I'm some restraint upon the Princes Candor,  
 Therefore shall take my leave.

*Exeunt Chanc.*

*Emp.* And can you Brother  
 Wish Empire without Glory?

*Thom.* Sir, I know not

What 'tis your words do tend to? All I know  
 Or have transacted that might trouble you,  
 Has not the least Reflections towards Empire.

*Emp.* Then tell your Reasons Brother.

*Thom.* Sir, the Cause

I kept my Passion secret, was for fear  
 Some scruples in your own or Senates Breasts  
 Might have prevented that, which when once done,  
 I knew you soon wou'd Pardon.

*Emp.* Pardon Brother,

What, think you I'm so tame to Pardon Treasons,

That

That were so black a Visage ?

*Thom.* Sure no Law

Does limit my free choice of any Wife,

Under so high a Penalty as Treason;

But if there was, the Merit of *Irene*

Would strongly plead I'm sure in my excuse.

*Emp.* This Love you own, I never did dislike,

Though I suspected it; but 'tis not that

Has brought me to this Parly, but worse matters.

*Thom.* Sir, I am ignorant of any thing,

Besides my hopeless Love can move your Anger.

*Emp.* Nay, Brother, you shall see 'tis not slight matters

That have oblig'd me to this unkind Parly.

*Enter Messenger.*

Bring in that fellow there ---- friend, tell your Story.

*Messeng.* Sir, as I said before, being employ'd

Toth' *Turkish* Camp about Intelligence,

I there have heard them say, that Prince *Thomazo*

Must be *Morea's* King, and that this Town

On that condition, he will soon give up.

*Thom.* Sir, can you credit Slaves, hir'd to accuse me,

Of such impossible designs as these ?

Villain ! who has suborn'd you to say this ?

*Emp.* Be patient till you hear his Story out.

*Thom.* I sooner might be patient when hot Pincers

Were tearing off my Flesh.

*Emp.* But I commend you.

*Thom.* Then silent Sir as Death, I'll hear my honour

Be blasted by his Breath ---- and never murmur,

No Sheep shall fall more tamely Sir than I.

Friend, say all that the Chancellor has taught you.

*Messeng.* Sir, what I've said, and what I am to say,

My Senses all must Witness is most true,

Though in the least I do not accuse your Highness;

What I have said, I heard i'th' *Turkish* Camp:

I did ---- and what I saw there, is to follow ----

Which is that oft at *Synan Bassa's* Tent,

I've seen the Lord *Dorello* in great favour,

And Court'd by the *Bassa*, but last Night

He

He did come back to Town in a disguise;  
 For meeting in their Fleet we boarded Boats,  
 And though he knew not me, yet I did him;  
 I saw him there produce a large Commission,  
 And shew it to the *Turkish* Admiral,  
 By which he had full power to clothe with you.  
 This Sir is true, as I have proof enough.

*Emp.* Return to your Confinement for a while,  
 You nor your Fellows sha'nt be long restrain'd;  
 What think you of this Brother.

*Exit Messenger.*

*Thom.* Sir, I think  
 That Vertue which you Worship proves an Idol,  
 An empty name, less solid then a shadow:  
 Oh deep unfathom'd Villanies of State!  
 Through what strange Mazes do you wind your selves,  
 That honest men cannot find Clews to trace you.----

*Emp.* What a sad Fate have Princes that are born  
 To bare the Fate of sinking Monarchy;  
 Those actions which we judge will prop it most,  
 Produce its speedier Ruin: Faction grows  
 And spreads it self through Council, Court, and Notion,  
 And nothing can be heard but accusations,  
 These when we wou'd Unite for common good,  
 They say we Cherish for our private safety;  
 If we believe them all, then none are honest;  
 If we give Ear to none, all will grow angry;  
 So whether we're severe or moderate,  
 Our Glory's hid i'th' Ruin of the State.

*Thom.* Sir, I have thought upon't, all this seems false,  
 But how to prove it so, I cannot guess.

*Emp.* Brother, I'll say no more but only this,  
 Act as you please, I ne'r can be unkind.

*Exit Emperor.*

*Thom.* What worth the keeping life for now is left?  
 I am stript of all that's Dear, Friend, Mistress, Brother,  
 And of my Honour too! ---- why live I then?  
 Because I am a Christian! Surely though  
 That cou'd at the first teach Contradictions,  
 What were most Martyrs but Self-Homicide?

What severe Hermit too but shortens life,  
 Why then 'tis plain I'm Master of my self.  
 By best Rules of our Philosophy : ----  
 But some will hold 'tis Cowardize to die  
 For fear of Misery ! --- Why then I'll live ;  
 Yet scarce my self, my self alive shall know :  
 In strict retirement my few hours will spend,  
 And by sharp Abstinence my life will end.

Exit.

*Enter Emperor, Theophilus, Chancellor, Cardinal, and Justiniano, who kneels and Kisses the Emperors hand.*

*Just.* Sir, I with thanks receive my Liberty,  
 And shall discharge the Duty of my place,  
 With all the Zeal that may be since I hear  
 You have laid by the Prince.

*Emp.* My Lord, I wish  
 You'd place a greater Guard upon your words ;  
 It is not I, but my unlucky Stars  
 Have for the Empires ruine laid him by.

*Just.* Sir, you shall see it's stronger prop  
 If you will find away to pay my men.

*Chanc.* My Lord, you do offend his Majesty,  
 In speaking of the Prince with such contempt ;  
 You had best attend your Charge, and leave to me  
 The getting of your Pay : The Emperor  
 Is put upon a project to get Money  
 And you shall find your share.

*Just.* My Lord, my men  
 Wont Fight one stroak without it, that I tell you.

Ex. Justin.

*Chanc.* Nay, good my Lord, no more, Your Majesty  
 Should not regard his Folly but his Courage.

*Emp.* Courage ! Each private Soldier may have that,  
 'Tis Conduct only makes a General ;  
 And I suspect his much, for all your Prayers ;  
 But I'll not long endure his Insolence,  
 I'll rather hazard all on my own person.

*Chanc.* What means your Majesty ?

*Emp.* Why Fame does say,

This

This Sultan *Mahomet's* a Valiant Prince;  
 I'll try, if he'll on single Combat stake  
 The Fortune of this War.

*Chanc.* How's this ?

*Aside.*

*Cardinal.* Perhaps

You have not well consider'd that design;  
 Your Majesty in such a weighty Cause  
 Must ask advice of Piety not Passion.

*Emp.* My Lord, you speak as if strong Appetite  
 Did make me seek this Combat for a pleasure,  
 But I'll assure you 'tis on no such Cause:  
 Thank Heav'n I dare, but do not love to fight.

*Card.* No Sir, nor must not singly; Heaven's strict Laws  
 Deliver'd by the Church, does quite forbid  
 All Duells under pain of highest censure.

*Emp.* Surely, when Heav'n gave Sacred Characters  
 To Clergy men; it did not then divest  
 The rest of Mankind of the use of Reason;  
 Did it my Lord ?

*Card.* No, not of common Sir.

*Emp.* Common ! I understand no such distinction;  
 Reason is Reason, and that does plainly say,  
 If I i'th' head of Thousands may make War,  
 And hazard both my own and others lives,  
 I sure much more, may singly do the same.

*Card.* Not without dispensation from the Pope,  
 As humbly I conceive.

*Emp.* The Pope, good Man !  
 No Dispensations from his Officers,  
 'Tis they must have a Fee: These tricks of *Rome*,  
 Of first forbidding, then dispensing things,  
 Has Rob'd it of the Reverence once it had,  
 From best Advisers to Mens Consciences;  
 They now are grown to be their Torturers,  
 Things in themselves indifferent they make sin;  
 And real sins they dare give leave to act:  
 A man may be a Saint and Traitor both,  
 When Dispensation frees him from his Oath.



But trouble not your self Lord Cardinal,  
I'll ask the Sultans Dispensation only,  
If he consents, I'll not refuse the Fight.

*Enter Dorello like a Doctor.*

What have you seen him Doctor ?

*Dorel.* Sir, I find,

Except you Majesty in person goes,  
His Servants dare not let him be disturb'd.

*Emp.* How do they say he is ?

*Dorel.* They do believe,

As I have said ; it is a Lunacy  
Sprung from an over-tender fence of Honour ;  
But still I'd undertake on pain of Death,  
Were I but few days with him, I wou'd awe him.

*Emp.* Come, we'll go visit him, his Health wou'd bring  
Me Vigour to our ne're expiring power,

*Ex. Emp. &c.*

*Chanc.* Pray Heav'n he be but Mad, I'll never fear  
This cheating Quack from *Persia* e're can cure him :

He'll sooner Poison him I'll undertake,  
And that part of his Art I'll try him in  
If I can fix him well----but stay this Combat  
The Emperor designs, and I do fear

The Sultan may accept in thirst of Glory  
Must be prevented ; 'tis too much to stake

My utmost certain hopes upon one Throw.

But sure I need not fear, the fair *Irene*

Will keep him from that Danger.

*Enter Michael.*

*Mich.* Noble Sir,

New Letters from the *Bassa*, say his Master

Doth Dote so much, that he forbears all action.

*Chanc.* How's this ? I fear the Love he bares *Irene*  
May make him raise the Siege.

*Mich.* I fear it too.

*Chanc.* Well, something must be done that may prevent it,  
Can you learn nothing yet of this *Dorello* ?

*Mich.* Not any thing, my Lord !

*Chanc.* Sure he walks Invisible ! That Danger

Did threaten most of all, and yet my Stars  
Has brought me off with Triumph.---  
But stay!---- The Emperor designs to Beg  
Something by way of Loan o'th' Citizens;  
He'll find them Curfed free! Ha! ha! ha! a Beggar Prince  
Is such a Contradiction ---- but I'll go  
And see the sport, I hope I shall be able  
To keep my self from down right laughing at him.

*Exeunt.**Enter Thomazo, Solus with a Book in his hand.*

*Thom.* It cannot be but all that they say's Chymera,  
There is no sollid Truth in all this stuff;  
'Tis meerly words: They'r Sinowy Sillogisimes  
By which they puzzle both themselves and us,  
Are perfect Ropes of Sand: If we'll be Fools  
To grant their first Conceptions, then they'l prove  
The Consequence must needs be this or that.  
Grant me lays one an Immaterial Giant,  
That does reside in Immaterial place,  
I'll prove he turns the *Primum Mobile*,  
And that turn all things else about the Globe:  
Then starts another up, and he conceives,  
That Immaterial Being is absurd;  
Straits brings his Giant in to do his Tricks  
On good Material Leggs --- then shews a Storm  
Produc'd by a slight cold matter had got,  
Which made it Sneeze ---- all comes to such like stuff,  
Avant substantial thick *Aegyptian* darknes, *Throws away the Book.*  
Rank mist of words be gone; there's nothing true,  
No nothing: Good and Ill are only Names  
Stamp't by our Interests; farewell all Books,  
I'll Study nothing but my Misery,  
And how to Die apace. Ah Mighty Sir,  
And may I not have leave to do that neither,  
'Tis all I beg; you once were a kind Brother.

*Enter Emperor,  
Card. Dorello.*

*Emp.* I've not a thought but speaks me kind as ever.  
Here is a Learned Doctor.

*Thom.* What to do?  
I want no health ---- If you have skill, feel here,

Does

Does not my Heart keep it's Pulsation right,  
As right as ever, though it is just a breaking;  
Come wave your profit once and speak the Truth.  
Am not I well in health?

*Dorel.* Your Highness is  
In what the Bloods concern'd.

*Thom.* Oh, let alone  
The inward man: That goes beyond your Tools,  
Your Probe's not long enough to Tent my Soul:  
Sir, on my Knees I beg I may be private.

*Emp.* From all but this one man, Brother you shall-----

*Thom.* Then since I must be Plagu'd with conversation,  
I'll ask some questions: How go things i'th' Senate?

*Emp.* Their obstinacy forc'd me to dismiss them.

*Thom.* That was a prudent step, but how the Siege?

*Emp.* The Turks like loving Neighbours seem most quiet.

*Thom.* They then expect some Revolution here!  
Lord Cardinal, when come our helps from Rome?  
When I go next abroad; ---- nay, my good Lord,  
I've answer'd now my self, ---- your Majesty,  
I hope, will free me now from all but him.

*Emp.* Study your health, dear Brother, till you're well,  
My Self and Empire both do languish in you.

*Exeunt Manent Thom. and Dor. who pulls off his Beard.*

*Thom.* Come Sir, to work, have you a Dose of Opium,  
For I want Sleep extreamly, --- Ha --- *Dorello.*

*Dorel.* Ah Sir! Can you endure a Traytors Breath;  
For so State Pamphlets, and the Ballets call me;  
For what I do not know, except it be,  
That I know some are such, I must not name;  
But I have secrets Sir that will amaze you.

*Thom.* Not more then does your Presence in this manner;  
Sure I'm deceiv'd, ---- on with your Beard again,  
So, ---- now I see it only was my Fancy:  
But where's *Dorello* gone?

*Dor.* Ah, Noble Sir,  
I fear you are not so well as I did hope!

*Thom.* It is *Dorello's* voice too, ---- Ah dear Friend,

Wonder

Wonder not I seem'd Craz'd: Alas, *Irene*,  
Is Murder'd I believe, or lost for ever.

\* *Dor.* No Sir, She is not Dead, though I must fear,  
That as you guess she may be lost for ever.

*Thom.* Not Dead! how know you that?

*Dor.* I've seen her Sir,  
And She's i'th' *Turkish* Camp from whence I came.

*Thom.* From thence I'll presently go Rescue her.

*Exit.*

*Dorel.* He is too near Distraction to be told  
*Irene's* the Sultans Mistress; but I'll go  
And humour all his fancies till he sleeps,  
Perhaps some rest will make him fit for Council.

*Exit.*

*Shouts* } *Enter* Emperor, Chancellor, Cardinal, Attendants  
*without.* } *and Rabble.* Michael.

*Emp.* Their Obstinacy makes things desperate:  
What's to be done my Lord? *Enter Alderman.*

*Chanc.* Try a few more, here comes an Alderman.

*Emp.* Friend, you are Rich, I'm told, and therefore shou'd  
Spare something of it for your Countries safety;  
Nay, for your own, your Wife and Childrens too;  
For they and all you have lies now at stake.

*Alder.* Your Majesty is misinform'd of me;  
I Rich! alas Sir, I am very poor.

*Chanc.* Consider Friend, who 'tis that goes a Begging,  
Your careful Emperor himself in Person.

*Card.* Your much distress'd Prince, consider that,  
Give something Sir, and Heav'n will sure reward it.

*Emp.* Friend, 'Tis not for my self I ask! Heaven knows  
That was't not for you my loving People,  
I'd sooner die then undergo this Shame:  
Come Sir, be liberal, that others may  
By your Example lend their money freely.  
That so the Soldiers paid, may boldly Fight,  
And here I promise on my Royal Word,  
That what you lend I'll faithfully repay  
As soon as Peace has open'd Trade again.

*Alder.* This way of borrowing Sir, I fear's Illegal

*Without*

Without the Senates leave, --- and I'd be loath  
To break the Law, and make bad Presidents  
That might infringe the Liberty o'th' Subject.

*Chanc.* Ay! there's the Argument that choaks them all.

*Emp.* How strangely Friend you do mistake the Law,  
Am I in worse condition than a Subject?

Who wanting mony borrows any where;  
Nay, what I borrow, I by force might take  
At such a time as this --- a Law there is,  
A Natural Law of Pow'r it may be call'd,  
Which gives the Prince aright to every thing  
He thinks may keep the Common-wealth from sinking,  
And this no other Law can Abrogate---

*Alder.* My Council does inform me otherwise,  
And I shall take his word ---- Except my Lord,  
You'l give your hand upon't he's in the wrong.

*Chanc.* Good Friend forbare, I am no Advocate  
That signs my hand to every Case that's put:  
His Majesty expects your answer Sir.

*Enter Thomazo and  
Dorello disguised.*

*Thom.* Ha! what Mock State is this?

*Alder.* Your Majesty  
Must pardon me, for I can spare no Mony. *Exit Alder. & Rabble.*

*Emp.* 'Tis labour lost, Heav'n surely binds their Eyes  
To their Destruction; but I find, my Lord,  
That you concur with their false arguing.

*Chanc.* The times are dangerous Sir, I dare not speak  
Except in private Council----

*Emp.* Princes may  
By me be warn'd of two much Lenity;  
The Rabble is a Jade, must feel her Rider,  
'Tis not soft taps I see, but whips must rule her,  
Humility moves none but generous Souls.

*Exeunt Emp. &c.*

*Thom.* Was I not obstinate to see *Irene*,  
I scarce could let this Traytor live a Moment.

*Dorel.* Good Sir, let me intreat you to desist  
From that so dangerous and vain attempt.

*Thom.* *Dorello*, say no more, I'm resolv'd  
To shew her I was true, though she's not so;

And



And shou'd Death wait me in the *Turkish* Camp,  
Yet I wou'd go, --- see! how the Traytor laughs---

*Chanc.* I put him on this project for his Ruin;  
It was a subtle Myne, I knew, when sprung,  
Wou'd blow up all that little power he had:  
An humble Prince makes Subjects Insolent,  
Then what does Begging do, --- ha, ha, ha, honest *Michael*,  
Go watch how he succeeds, and bring me word. *Exit Michael.*

*Thom.* I must Alarm him---  
His Soul is much too jocund for a Traytors;  
My Lord, I have a mind to give allay  
To your excessive laughter --- where's *Irene*?

*Chanc.* Ha!

*Thom.* Your Daughter too, *Udoxia* and *Dorello*,  
What? you to save their lives, have sent them hence,  
What punctual day Sir, must the Town be took?

*Chanc.* Sure Slave you know me not, you dare talk thus!

*Thom.* Yes, you are he, that by the help of Souldiers,  
Did break the Sanctuary! --- then for Reward,  
Bestow'd a Dose of Poison on your Slaves;  
You thought their Dying too a pleasant sight.

*Chanc.* What Devil canst thou be that dar'st accuse  
Of Crimes so false as these?

*Thom.* I cannot stay at present now to prove them;  
But in good time I may; i'th' Interim  
I'll step and tell your Daughter y'are a Traytor.  
Have you no service to the Eunuch *Basha*,  
I'll kiss his hands e're long---

*Chanc.* Ho! *Michael*!

*Thom.* If you'd prolong your life one day or two,  
You may by being Silent; but if not,  
This is your latest Moment.

*Exit Thom. Dor.*

*Chanc.* Sure this must be  
Some of *Dorello's* Instruments in Town.  
My Ruin is contriv'd, I plainly see,  
And I must be as quick in my preventions.

*Enter Michael.*

*Mich.* The Begging Emperor has but ill success.

*Chanc.* Curse on him, we have worse, all is betray'd;

I've bin attack'd by one that knows *Dorello*;  
And every thing by him that we have done.

*Mich.* Can this be possible, and we not find him;  
I hop'd he had bin drown'd in his coming.

*Chanc.* No, all my Starrs grow dull of late; I think  
They take no care of me, or my designs,  
But still my Plots are spoil'd by Countermines.

*Exeunt.*

## A C T. V.

*Enter Thomazo and Dorello.*

*Dorel.* **T**He *Bassa's* Kindness to me still Continues,  
Nay, rather is increas'd by knowing me.  
But yet I can't prevail to see the Ladies.

*Enter Mutantrope, They sign to  
one another.*

But see your little Traitor, -----is your Tongue  
Cut out? -----it is no matter, you deserv'd it-----

Nay, you do well, to own your fault,

There is no trusting such a Rogue as you.

If I had any business-----wou'd you indeed-----

Then let me see *Uloxia*, or *Calista*-----

How! *Calista* in such favour! where's *Irene* then?

Thou art a lying Rogue, I still perceive-----

Oh Villain, dar'st thou swear so false a thing?

As that the *Sultan* does not know *Irene*?-----

*Thom.* Can only such a Traitor speak the truth?

And all Man-kind be liars? yet, methinks

The vertue of *Irene*, does make me hope it.

*Dorel.* If this you swear, be true, then bring my Friend  
And me to see *Irene*-----If you're forsworn  
Expect a greater judgment then you have-----  
Well, we'll try your faith.

*Ex. Mutant.*

*Thom.*

*Thom.* The Boy is strangely earnest; sure he cannot  
Be such a Villain to invent all this?  
'Tis possible the subtle Chancellor  
Contriv'd, that Fame might say it was *Irene*,  
Lest his Intelligence might be suspected.

*Dorel.* I can't tell; what to think; there's no design  
The Boy can have--- is worth his Perjury,  
Except he wholly does delight in False-hood.

*Thom.* To see *Irene*, and see her true, will be  
Some few Degrees beyond felicitie. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Synan.*

*Synan.* She threatens now: what a rank As was I  
To bring ambitious Beauty 'bout my Prince,  
This Poison is for *Irene*-----  
I'm confident,---but Lady look about you,  
We Statesmen have our tricks; 'tis well I did not  
Inform her Father that it was her self,  
And not the fair *Irene* the Sultan dotes on,  
Did he but know it, we soon should have bin here:  
His Politick Pate wou'd still Solicite Bowstrings  
Might be presented us, that vacant places  
Might be dispos'd by him,----but to his greif,  
Both he and all men else, think 'tis *Irene*.

*Enter Calista, Irene, Udoxia, and Mutes, one Carrying  
a Cup of Poison, th' other Bowstrings.*

*Calist.* No! I'll cut off my fears, their hopes and thine  
All at one blow.

*Synan.* Consider but the Crime!

*Calist.* No *Synan*, you mistake that charming Face  
Which in dead colours first bewitch'd my Lord,  
Shall not remain for you to shew a line,  
From that design Springs all your Piety.

*Synan.* If you fear that, then spare this other Lady;  
Why Madam, must she dye?

*Calist.* For sweet revenge,  
She did upbraid me, with my Fathers Nature

And now she'l find I have it thoroughly.

*Udox.* I will not lose a Pray'r to ask thee Mercy,

Nor will I live after *Irene* is Dead.

*Calist.* You shall never doubt it.

*Irene.* Ah *Calista*!

Think of the pleasant hours we three have spent

In Childish sports together, --- call to mind

How both of us have strove which most shou'd please you.

*Calist.* Plead not our wanton Childish Tales to me,

I am a Woman, and do see the Danger

Of that bewitching Beauty you have got,

Therefore make haste and chuse your way of dying.

*Irene.* Save but *Udoxia's* life, I'll call that Mercy,

And with my dying Breath beg pardon for you.

*Udox.* *Irene*, ne're speak of that, give me the Cup,

I do desie all kindness from the Monster

Except you share it too----

*Calist.* Bravely Resolv'd!

But do not drink it all, one half will serve;

I try'd it on a Slave, and he dy'd calmly,

Made no ill Faces as some people do.

*Irene.* Come then, let's take our everlasting leaves

Of all our Sorrows here, --- my thoughts begin

To prompt me it is brave to leave this world,

And all it's flattering, false, and painted joys,

Which do allure to real Miseries.

*Udoxia*, lead the way.

*Udox.* Farewel *Dorello*.

*She drinks and gives the Cup to Irene.*

*Iren.* And farewel now for ever my *Thomazo*.

*Drinks.*

*Calist.* Curse on his Name, it staggers me a little;

But Love Adieu! and Triumph my Revenge!

In thy first Conquest ---- Farewel Play-fellows.

*Exit Calist.*

*Synan.* Sure tis some Bodied Fury this, not Woman;

Ladies, you'l find your Deaths steal gently on you

Like a soft Sleep: but yet to shew I wou'd

Do any thing was in my power to serve you,

I'll send the little Traytor, *Mutantrope*

To find *Dorello* out, and bring him to you.

*Udox.*

*Vdax.* May Heav'n reward your Charity, my Lord,  
It is the only thing I'd wish on Earth.

*Synan.* You shall not fail of that ---- now *Muslapha*,  
Our Plot is Ripe to ruine this *Medea*.

*Iren.* Whither, dear Friend, are thou and I a going?

*Vdax.* To Heaven *Irene*.

*Irene.* Heav'n is a great way off,

And though I doubt not, we shall soon reach thither,

Yet Nature shudders at the world of Miles

That Fancy says is thither ---- Ah *Vdax*! ----

I hope we shall know one another there.

*Vdax.* I hope so too ---- yet, what the pleasure is

Which happy Souls enjoy, I cannot guess,

But sure it won't be any thing like those

We do enjoy on Earth.

*Irene.* Ay, there's the fright;

Methinks we're about to lose our selves,

And change to something else. Tho' what we know not?

But we shall ne're be We again I fear.

*Vdax.* Yet this we're certain of we can't be worse.

*Enter Mutantrope, and observes them, then Exit.*

*Enter Dorello and Thomazo.*

But see the Boy! I hope *Dorello's* coming.

*Dorel.* It makes me happy I'm in your thoughts.

*Vdax.* I'll own that nought on Earth could be so welcome.

*Irene.* Nor to me neither except Prince *Thomazo*.

*Thom.* That word in spight of Fortune makes me happy.

*Iren.* Ah! do I see you Sir? Then welcome Death--- *saints away.*

*Thom.* How's this! *Irene!* paleness sits on her lips.

*Dorel.* The sudden Joy o'rcame her---- give her Breath,

She'l come to her self----

*Vdax.* Never on Earth.

*Thom.* What dreadful word is that? it pierc'd my Soul!

*Vdax.* The strange Surprise did make the Poison work.

*Dorel.* Poison!

*Vdax.* Ay Sir, *Calista* Poison'd her.

*Dorel.* Ah Horrid Deed! but see the Prince Sir, Sir,

I fear



I fear his Soul's not proof against this blow.

*Thom.* *Irene* so Angry, that she will not speak!

Ha! Poison! Never! I will not have *Calista*,

Her Father is a Traytor --- but *Irene*

Is the great Sultans Mistress, --- Is she so?

Then I'll turn Hermit in a Grove of Willows,

Berrys of Baleful Ivy shall be my Food,

And the Drink nothing else but my own Tears!

For fair *Irene* is false.

*Dorel.* Ah dire mishap,  
His scarce Cur'd Lunacy agen returns:

Great Sir, *Irene* is Vertuous---

*Thom.* Then I'll have her.

I will my Self destroy the Sultans Army,

And Rescue my *Irene* ----- to horse ---- to horse -----

Draw up the Guards and follow, ---- found a Charge-----

What do you Run you Dogs----

*Dorel.* Oh, good Sir stay-----

Discover'd once, he will be lost for ever-----

*Thom.* What are you that take me Prisoner?

I won't have Quarter now *Irene* is lost.

*Dorel.* Look on me Sir! do not you know *Dorello*?

*Thom.* Ha! where's *Irene*? Oh! there, She's there---

Have I recover'd her? ---- I thank you all----

You have Fought bravely ---- you shall all be Knighted.

But won't *Irene* speak to her own *Thomazo*?

Pardon me, Madam, --- by all my Love I thought

'Twas you I shou'd have Marry'd.

*Udox.* Ah poor Prince!

*Dorello*, look to him ----, but if you can

Procure our Bodies Christian Funerals,

I know hers does, and I hope mine deserves it.

*Dorel.* What mean you, Madam?

*Udox.* I find the Poison works on me apace.

*Dorel.* What are you poyson'd too?

*Udox.* Ay Sir, *Calista*

Was kind in that, to let us Die together.

I can no more! Farewel, my dear *Dorello*.

*Draws & exiturus,*  
*is held by Dorello.*

*Kneels by her.*

*Enter*

*Enter Calista and Mutes.*

*Dorel.* I envy not the Prince! why do not I  
Learn the same Art to lose my greif in Madneſs.

*Calist.* What men are theſe, ſeize on them; ha! *Thomazo*

*Dorello* too! *They ſeize them, Thom. ſtands amaz'd.*

*Dorel.* Ah thou curſed Monster!

What Devil taught thee all this Cruelty?

*Calist.* I learn't it of that Prince, he taught me firſt  
To find my Nature bad----I elſe had liv'd

A puling vertue, ſtill frighted with tales  
Of Hell and Devils, with other ſilly Bug-bears;

But ſeeing him the ſtout and brave *Thomazo*,

The Wiſe, Juſt, Generous, and great *Thomazo*,

Take pleaſure to betray a harmleſs Maid:

This taught me rage, and rag'd inſtill'd revenge,  
Which made me do this petty triffling miſcheif;  
But that's not half enough, ſince above my hopes,  
You two are fallen thus into my hands.

*Dorel.* Ay, dare thy worſt; as for that noble Prince,  
Were he but ſafe, Death were to me favour.

*Calist.* Nay, you ſhall both together! Slaves your ſtrings.

*Mutes put Bow-ſtrings on them.*

*Thom.* Though I'm a Priſoner; I'll  
Wear no Chaines but thoſe of faire *Irene*!

*Dorel.* *Irene* is Poiſon'd!

Poiſon'd moſt Noble Prince, by this damn'd Monster.

*Thom.* Ha! 'tis the Devil *Dorello*, 'tis the Devil;

He has *Caliſta*'s ſhape, but 'tis a Devil,

He cannot hurt me though, for I defy him;

Ha, ha, ha, -- ſee! how the Devil weeps

Be cauſe he cannot get his will to hurt us.

We are too honeſt for his Miſchief, --- let me go,

I'll make him vaniſh with a Vengeance hence.

*Calist.* Oh! I could chide my Eyes for ſhewing greif,  
Tho' tis a Killing ſight, ---- *Thomazo* is Mad!

How came he thus *Dorello*?

*Dorel.* Can you aſk?

And

And see *Irene* lie Murder'd there by you ?

*Calist.* Oh I wou'd rail and call him if I cou'd,  
Ungrateful, base *Thomazo*. But this sight  
Renews agen my Love, and stops my Mouth.

*Dorel.* Talk not of Love at all, much less for him,  
That is too good a Passion for thy Soul,  
And he a Cause too Noble.

*Calist.* Ah *Dorello* !

Judge but from whence proceeds this Flood of Tears !

*Dorel.* They're such as Crocodiles by *Nilus* shed.

*Calist.* Nay, rather such as once *Medea* did,  
When she dispers'd her tender Brothers limbs ;  
Love taught her Cruelty, and I perceive  
'Twas that, and not Revenge has Murder'd these.

*Dorel.* If cruel hearts, like yours, be capable  
Of Love, yet all you have the Sultan claims.

*Calist.* The Sultans Title sprung from my Ambition,  
But now that Passions cloy'd, and Love returns.

*Dorel.* Madam, why do you pause ? pray give me death,  
*Vdoxia* chides my sloath for staying thus. *Thom.* starts up.

*Thom.* Ha ! Sir ! I am no Traytor ! I'm your Brother,  
Ask *Dorello* if the Dam'd Chancellor  
Be not the Mighty Traytor of your State---  
But see his Daughter---She shall be Sultaneis,----  
I will have none of her---She is a Monster---  
See see---how she's besmear'd with Blood,  
But where's *Irene*---Alas ! She's angry---Ah me---  
I will have none but her---

*Dorel.* Alas poor Prince !

The fair *Irene* is Murder'd by *Calista*.

*Thom.* Ha ! Murder'd ! *Irene* Murder'd---then *Calista*  
Shall be torn Limb from Limb by horrid Devils !  
Her Soul shall turn that fatal Bird of Night,  
With Crokes and Crokes for sad departing Souls.

SONG.

## S O N G.

**I**N Caves full of Skulls, and rotten old Bones,  
 She Sighs in the Day-time, and in the Night Groans.  
 'Mongst Ghosts of the Guilty, for ever She'l howle,  
 And in Beds fill'd with Serpents eternally Role.

He Sings.

But I and Irene will be Merry,  
 Amongst happy Lovers we'l Play,  
 Ah Charon! make hast with your Ferry,  
 Row hard, and I'll double your Pay.

Irene we'l part no more-----

Falls down.

Calist. Why do you pause upon't? he in his Madnes shews  
 His lasting hate to me, and Love to her;  
 Revenge is rous'd again by Jealousie,  
 And now I wish him Dead; Passions in me  
 Like Tides in some great Rivers, flow not in,  
 But first in heaps of Water take their view,  
 Then Roar, then tumble in Mountains of Sea,  
 Devouring Shores almost as quick as thought;  
 So now your times are come.

Dorel. I do rejoyce----

Calist. Your joy shall be but short, pull Slaves! Enter Synan.

Synan. Hold Doggs!-----

Calist. Synan! how's this? dare you controul our orders?

Synan. Not but by his; whom you your self obey.

Our Mighty Sultan saw and pitt'y'd him.

Calist. Oh I am lost.

Synan. No, Madam, I am so without your Mercy;  
 And 'tis 'gainst me alone his Rage is bent,  
 For thus deluding him about Irene:

But save my Life since for your sake I did it.

Calist. No Synan, if thy Fate depends on me,  
 Thou must expect a dreadful Destiny.

Synan. I see my Deaths inevitable now;  
 But I am glad my life does Ransome yours.

Dorel. You cannot give us life; in them we die.

Synan. That Death will but continue till they wake.

Dorel. How wake! my Lord! do not despise our griefs.

L

Synan.

*Synan.* 'Tis but a sleepy potion, which they took,  
Which I prepar'd to save them from *Calista*.

*Dorel.* My Lord, my Lord, you grieve without a cause  
For fair *Irene*'s not dead ; This noble *Bassa*  
Who knows no falshood sayes it.

*Thom.* What is that ?

*Dorel.* *Irene* is living Sir.

*Thom.* Ay, but She's angry,  
She won't speak one word to poor *Thomazo*.

*Dorel.* Sir ! she's a sleep !

*Thom.* Ah do not wake her then !

Hush ! hush ! no noise, I pray let her sleep---  
She will be pleas'd anon--- steal softly out---  
Softly---softly---do not wake her for the world.  
She's Dreaming now of poor *Thomazo*'s love.

*Exit softly.*

*Synan.* I must admire the wayes of providence,  
That strangely thus by wicked mens designs,  
Does oft protect the just---your Chancellor  
To fortify his greatness in our Court  
Has caus'd your being here, where you are safe,  
Which else you cou'd not be in our next storm :  
For then the Town's betray'd : The General  
Has promis'd to march out with all his Souldiers,  
And there's a Royal Half-moon Banner sent  
To th' Chancellor which will protect his house---

*Dorel.* Good my Lord,

Let not the Prince hear this but by degrees,  
His Brother and his Country's loss will be  
A Greif his worthy mind will hardly bare,  
Shou'd he recover this which now assaults him.

*Synan.* My Lord, you freely shall command this place  
Whilst I have any Breath to give that power,  
And after that, you safely may rely---  
Upon our Sultans friendship to the Prince,  
Which I dare say is reall : But I must  
Make hast and meet that Death now stays for me.

*Dorel.* My Lord ! I hope much better.

*Synan.* No, my Lord !

Our



Our Sultan's Frowns are Mortal ; they'r met by this  
To be spectators of my Tragedy.

Carry the Ladies in---when I am dead---

May you, my Lord, and all your Friends be happy.

*Mutes carry in*

*Dorel.* My Lord ! farewell ; may Heav'n preserve

*[the Ladies.*

You still-----

*Exit Synan.*

But yet I fear he's lost : Vertue on Earth  
Is like some wholesome Herb o're grown with Hemlock,  
There is so little, men can hardly find it,  
And all that use it are unfortunate-----

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Emperor, Theoph. Chancellor, Cardinal,  
*Attendants.*

*Theoph.* This Information puzzles my belief,  
I sooner shou'd have doubted my own Faith  
Than Prince *Thomazo's*-----sure it cannot be.

*Card.* The things too evident for any doubt ;  
Hot spur'd Ambition in a Young mans breast  
Ne're boyles at a Crime wou'd give it Checque.

*Theoph.* But sure the world must end, when Crimes like these  
Are boldly Acted by the best of men ;  
Vertue has spent her utmost stock on Earth ;-----  
Vertue, that Cement of the World, grows loose,  
Then Nature sure must shake into its Chaos.

*Iscut* to turn a Strumpet, did Amaze me !  
Though she's a Woman-----but for Prince *Thomazo*  
To make a base Revo't, is Miraculous.

*Emp.* What can an Emperor, bounded and ty'd  
By Laws, Act more than I already have-----  
But Heav'n and all things else conspire our Ruin,  
What can we then more but resolve to Die ;  
Story shall never say I did neglect  
My personal Duty to the very last.

*Chanc.* No, Mighty Sir, had the Revolted Prince,  
And others of his Faction, but bin faithful,  
You might have shin'd in History, as great,  
As does that *Constantine* who first Raign'd here.

*Emp.* Heav'n strangely brings its great Decrees about

A *Constantine*, whose Mothers name was *Helena*,  
 Began this Empire : The Bishop of this See  
 Was *Theodosius* then, so all are new,  
 Both, and State must sink in the same names  
 As founded them ; but let Heavens will be done.

*Card.* Dispair not Mighty Sir ; the ways of Heav'n  
 Are past all finding out, who knows but you  
 May give a new beginning to this Empire  
 By driving back this faithless Mahomet.

*Emp.* I for my subjects sakes, perhaps could wish it,  
 Though for my self a worthy death is best ;  
 Which I have sought from *Mahomets* own hand  
 By single fight ; but that he basely waves  
 With Crowds of bleeding slaves he snatches glory,  
 Which flies from me, who court it still in person.

*Enter Justiniano.*

*Justin.* Sir I am come once more to ask our Pay,  
 Which, if deny'd, we presently will March.

*Chant.* Now it begins to work !

*Aside.*

*Emp.* Do as you please,  
 My subjects obstinate to all entreaties,  
 Deny me their supplies ; and I'm resolv'd  
 Rather to perish with them, then extend  
 My Regal pow'r beyond its usual bounds :  
 Blinded they are, and blinded let them be,  
 Since they love Gold beyond themselves and me.

*Justin.* Bare witness all, that 'tis no fault of mine  
 This Empire sinks : I could have propt it yet ;  
 And with this single Arm sustain'd it's weight,  
 Had not affronts upon affronts at first  
 Disarm'd me of the power to wish your good ;  
 But I'll not stay to bury all my glory  
 Under your mighty ruins ; no, my Sword,  
 When you are nothing but the name of Prince,  
 Shall give me the full power of being so----

*Theop.* Sir ; will you patiently endure this slight !

*Emp.* Let him, and all the world grow insolent ;

*It*

It shall not move my rage : My Brothers Crimes  
Have stupify'd my Anger.

*Enter Captain.*

*Capt.* Mighty Sir ;

The perdues do fly in the *Turks* advance  
As if they did intend a general Storm.

*Emp.* All that dare not be Slaves, now follow me,  
To certain Death, or glorious Victorie.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Thomazo and Dorello.*

*Thom.* *Dorello* ! sure I'm deluded still  
And this I feel's another sort of madness,  
Is it not so, *Dorello* ?

*Dorel.* No, my Lord ;  
Your cause of joy is follid, like those Cares,  
Whose unexpected sounds, distemper'd you.

*Emp.* Am I then known, and in the Turkish Camp,  
Yet free from Chaines ? and does *Irene* still live ?  
Nay, live for Prince Thomazo ! this, *Dorello*,  
My sickly fancy wou'd perswade is true.

*Enter Synan.*

*Dorel.* For all these mighty Blessings, next to Heaven,  
We owe our thanks toth' noble Eunuch Bassa,  
I wish his safety were as firm as ours. *Enter Mutes with Calista's head.*

*Synan.* Thanks to that hearty wish, and so it is ;  
See there the head that lately threaten'd mine.

*Thom.* Oh wonderful ! *Calista's* head cut off !

*Synan.* Ay noble Prince ! our Sultan has deceiv'd us ;  
But to our satisfaction, for just now  
Mounted upon a Throne in full assembly,  
He did expose this Beauty to our view,  
Seeming to glory in so rich a Jewel.  
And had his praise Eccho'd back by us :  
Then Beckon'd me, I went and kneel'd before him,  
Thinking my self a Victim to her Triumph,  
And she believ'd it too, for big with joy,  
Her Eyes roll'd Grace to all ; but scornes on me,  
When in her height of Pride, one sudden blow

Given

Given by the Sultans Sword, took off her Head  
 So quick, she cou'd not shreek one Pray'r for Mercy:  
 Then throwing me the Head --- cry'd, *Synan* take it,  
 And smiling, bid us see, how much he valu'd  
 True Glory above Beauty --- but the Storm  
 Will presently begin, and I must thither,  
 And be an Actor in this Scene of Fate  
 Which will Create our Sultan Emperor.

*Thom.* Are you assur'd my Lord the Town will yield?

*Synan.* Nothing more certain Sir, the Town's betray'd,  
 But Heav'n has so contriv'd that you are safe:  
 Farewell most noble Lords; if I am slain---  
 Think of me --- If I live, I'm still your Servant.

*Exeunt Synan, &c.*

*Thom.* Ah *Dorello*, 'tis not for us to live  
 Beyond our Princes Ruin. No, Brother,  
*Thomazo's* Love and Fortune shall give way  
 When's Honour, or your safety is in question;  
 Come Friends, let's once again Enter the Town,  
 And leave the Ladies here, they'll still be safe,  
 What e're becomes of that, or of our lives,  
 Though Dead in them, some part of us survives.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Emperor, Theophilus, and Attendants with  
*Swords drawn, They pass over the Stage in haste,*  
*great Clamors and Noise.*

*{ Trumpets and  
 Drums beat a  
 Battle.*

*Enter* Chancellor, Lorenzo, and Michael,  
*like Turks above.*

*Chanc.* The sport's begun, that noise which dreadful sounds  
 To others Ears, to mine seems sprightly Musick.  
 Day breaks apace, as-foon as we perceive  
 The Town is taken, hang the Banner out.

*Loren.* Shall we admit of such as seek Protection?

*Chanc.* No, nor the Emperor himself shall enter;  
 Let them e'en take their Chance.

*Shouts.*

Oh, that was brave! *Cries, and running o're the stage, all's lost, all's lost.*  
 Hang out the Banner strait, the Town's our own.

*The*

*The Banner hung out; Enter Christians, drove in by Turks. Enter Emperor, Theoph. &c. Who make strong Fight by giving way. Enter Thomazo and Dorello Fighting, and driving off the Turks.*

*Lorenz.* See there! the Prince *Thomazo* and *Dorello* Are Fighting on this side.

*Chanc.* I'm glad of that,  
This forfeits all his favour with the *Turk*,  
And 'tis not in his Pow'r to save the Town.

*Enter Emperor, Thomazo, Dorello, Theoph.*

*Emp.* Brother, your Loyalty does bring a joy  
Beyond what Victory it self wou'd do.

*Thom.* Ah Royal Sir, there is no time to talk,  
Our Men can never hold the ground we gain'd;  
Were but your Person safe, I wou'd not Care.

*Emp.* 'Tis safe whilst Guarded by your Noble Sword,  
And mine I hope shall prove a Guard to yours.

*Thom.* Sir, 'tis in vain to hope to keep the Town:  
Then take this time to save your self by Flight,  
Whilst I make Head against the *Entring Turks*.

*Emp.* How Brother, Fly! No, it shall ne're be said  
That I surviv'd a loss so great, as is  
So brave a Brother, and an Empire too.

*Thom.* Sir, be not obstinate! but see a Flag  
That speaks Protection to the Chancellor,  
Open your Gates my Lord, and take but in  
Your Emperor and *Theophilus*; such a Deed  
Will make Atonement now for all your Crimes.

*Emp.* I will not hold my Safety from a Villain.

*Chanc.* No Sir, content your self, you come not here;  
Nor any person else ---- my Crimes, my Lord,  
Are got above the punishment of Heav'n.

*Shouts and Clamors.*

*Emp.* Infamous Renegade ----- but the Noise  
Calls loud for our assistance -----

*Exit.*

*Thom.* Come, *Dorello*,

*Let's*



Let's Keep him safe as long as e're we can---

*Ex. all but Theop.*

*Theop.* Blasphemous Traytor, are thy Crimes so great?  
Thou thinks the pow'rs above han't strength to punish!

*Chanc.* Talk not my Lord, I for your Daughters sake  
Will let you singly in, and save your life.

*Theop.* No cursed Dog, I'd sooner find my Death  
From my own hand, then owe my life to thee.

*Exit.*

*Chanc.* Nay, if you be so brisk, e'en take your Chance!  
What insolent Slaves are these?

*Enter Cardinal.*

*Card.* Oh my good Lord!  
Let me but find protection in your House!

*Chanc.* Alas my Lord, your Eminence on foot!  
Tis a great way to Rome; you had best make hast,  
Spare Complements to me---you have my leave---

*Card.* My Lord! mock not my misery.

*Chanc.* You'l be belated truly, wanting Horses,  
My Duty to his Holiness, and tell him,  
I've ended now this long continuing Schisme  
To his own hearts Content!

*Card.* Impudent Traytor! *A noise! Enter Christians retreating.*

*Chanc.* See see, the Cardinal has lost his Gout--- *Ex. Card. running.*

*Enter Emperor, Thomazo, Theop. Dorello, and Guards*  
*Fighting before the Turks. Emperor falls Dead.*

*Thom.* Oh Heavens! the Emperor's Slain, preserve his Body.

*They Fight. Enter Synan, who fighting falls. They are going*  
*to Kill him. Thomazo prevents it----*

Accept your Life from Prince Thomazo Sir,  
As part of recompence for all your favour Sir.

*Synan.* Most noble Prince, persist not thus in vain  
To stop the Current of our Victory,  
Which will at last flow o're, and drown you all;  
You, and those you shall chuse, shall on my honour,  
Be safe from either Death or Slavery----

*Thom.* I've nothing now to fight for, but my self,  
Since this brave Prince is Slain, therefore I yield  
To be a Prisoner to Noble Synan.

*Synan.*

*Syna.* Christians, put up your Swords, this party shall  
Continue as a guard about your person,  
But that they may be safe, I will appoint  
Some *Janizaries* that may joyne with them.

*Thom.* Your Favours all are large !

*Syna.* Lord Chancellor,  
The Sultan does require your person shou'd, shou'd,  
Be brought before him straight.

*Chanc.* With hast I'll fly  
To Kifs the Foot of our great Emperour.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Irene and Udoxia.*

*Udox.* What various changes have our miseries ?

*Irene.* 'Tis better sure we had for ever slept  
Then onely wak't to a more grievous Death.

*Udox.* See yonder ! how the Flames ascend the Skies,  
Seeming to melt the Heavens.

*Iren.* O sad sight !  
This is the Prince *Thomazo's* Funeral Pile,  
And I ungrateful, I don't leap into't,  
But I'll not long survive thee, noble Prince,  
For in a Flood of Teares I'll drown my self,  
Thus from two warning Elements we'll meet  
Above ; yet keep an everlasting Peace !

*Udox.* I yet could Chide, methinks their gallantry  
That cou'd expose both us and them to ruine,  
In such a needles danger as they fought.

*Irene.* No 'twas their duty lead them to the fight,  
And I do love *Thomazo's* flame too well,  
To wish him safe with loss of any honour,  
Though to revive from Death, and meet him well,  
Then straight again to lose him, seems severe.

*Udox.* Ha ! what vision's this ! *Enter Thomazo Theop, &c.*

*Theop.* Do I see thee alive, and vertuous both ?  
Can Heav'n bring joy after these fatal losses !

*Irene,* our Prince is slain and Country lost.

*Irene.* Did not the thoughts of that suspend my joy,  
To see *Thomazo* and your self alive,

M

I scarcely

I scarcely should be able to support it.

*Enter Synan.*

*Synan.* Great Sir! the Sulcan has commanded me,  
To greet you with this stile---King of *Marea*;  
For with that Kingdom he does now invest you,  
Under the tribute of an Annual Horse.

*Thom.* Your Princes's soul's as large as is his Empire,  
And I with grateful thanks receive the gift.

*Synan.* That action which I fear'd would raise his anger  
Increas'd but his esteeme---He said, you could  
Have found no better way to perfect glory  
Then this last act of fighting for your Brother:  
And it has strengthen'd much his Friendship to you.

*Thom.* How shall I e're express my gratitude  
For all these Mighty Favours he bestowes.

*Synan.* The riches in the Town are found prodigious;  
Though basely they deny'd their Prince assistance;  
For which 600000. Thousand Souls and more  
Forever must into----Captivity-----  
As a just reward for their Disobedience!  
Only he does permit you shall set free  
Ten thousand of such Persons you best like;  
The Chancellor and some few other Traitors  
He only does except: For they must die  
A just example to all future times;  
He further does intend a Noble present  
For this fair Lady; whom he dares not see.

*Thom.* He is a Prince of such a mighty Soul;  
Vertues in him contend for Victory,  
And each of them in turn do gain a Triumph.

*Synan.* The Execution's doing on the Traytors! *A noise of groaning.*  
Step but a broad and you may see the Train.  
I'll go and cleer, and stand--

*Exit.*

*Theop.* Fame certainly does spread abro'de  
'Twas you the Sultan kill'd.

*Irene.* That error does arise because we were  
Ne're seen by any person but the Mutes;

The

The Sulran, and two Bassa's, since we came,  
And Fame does still report I was his Mistress.

*Thom.* Let fame be still a Lyar, my *Irene*,  
And say, 'tis thou art Dead, so I can thus  
Admire thy living Beauties---- but let's go  
And see the Sultans justice upon Traitors--

*Exeunt.*

*The Scene a great Number of Dead and Dying men in several  
manner of Death's. The Chancellor, Lorenzo,  
and Michael Empal'd.*

*Within.* Make way there ! Make way.

*Theoph.* What a sad sight is this?

*Dorel.* This is a severe extension of his power.

*Enter Synan and*

*Mutes, Thomazo,*

*Dorello, & the rest.*

*Thom.* This *Turkish* way of rule threatens the world,

As if their Crescent would at last be full,

And rule it all.

*Synan.* This is the way to govern :

Severity, not Mercy, strengthens power.

See there your Chancellor and his two Scribes.

*Thom.* I pity them, though they deserv'd far worse,

For ruining their Country, whose Fate,

We during life shall Mourn, yet in our Tales

We must your Vertue, and the Sultans praise,

And Monuments of Thanks for ever raise.

*Exeunt omnes.*

---

F I N I S.